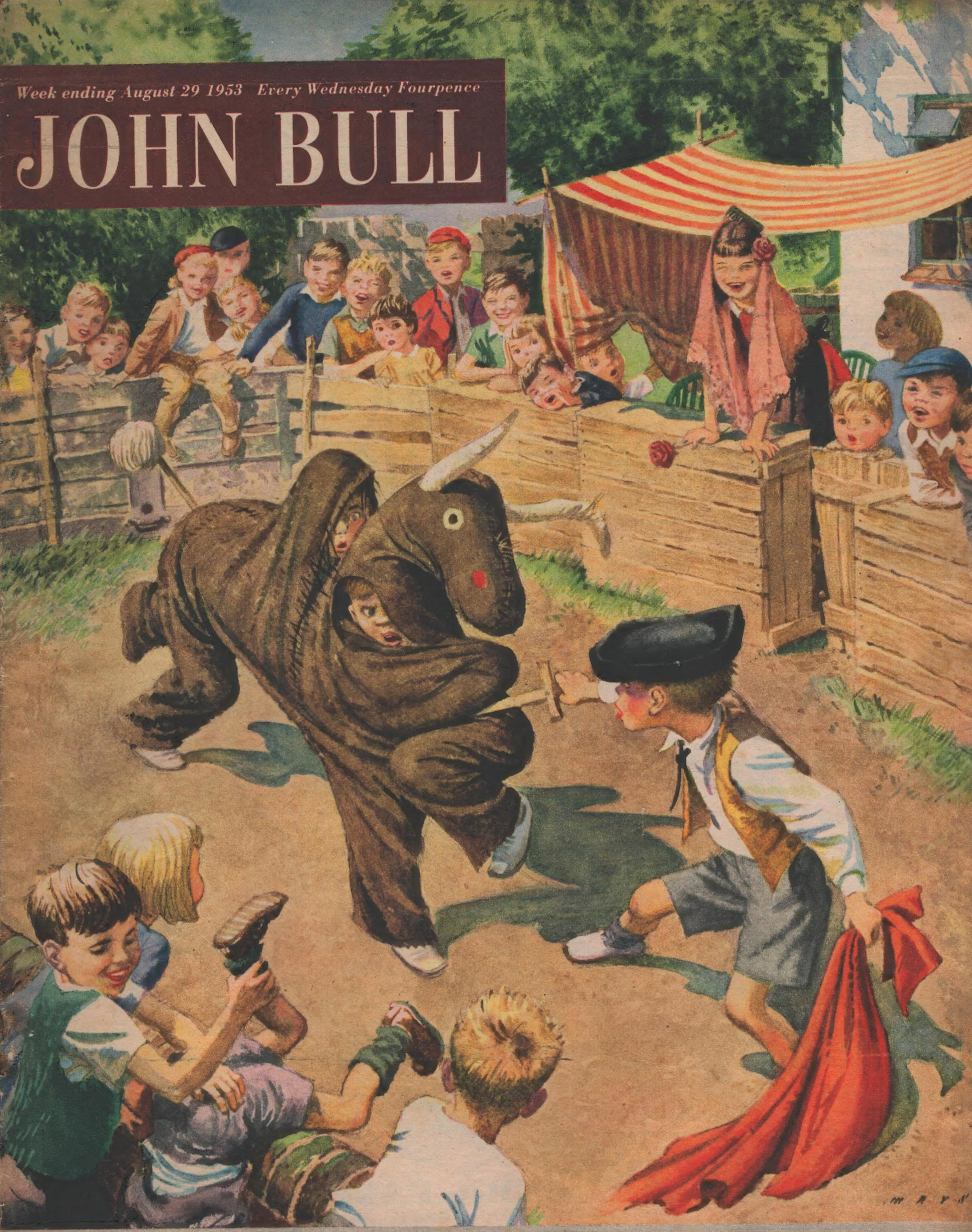
Week ending August 29 1953 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



An exciting new story by **MICHAEL GILBERT** | **TESSIE O'SHEA** The girl who loves to be fat

SPLENDID AUTUMN PRE-VIEW NUMBER

***Woman** is the weekly magazine with over 6,000,000 friends. Every one of its readers knows that she will find hints and help, shared confidences and interesting gossip in its colourful pages—and this superb 64-page issue is no exception. . . .*

This is an issue to get your autumn off—to a flying start. Here is a galaxy of suggestions for autumn; patterns for new clothes for mothers and children; ideas for making your home brighter and bigger; cooking recipes and beauty hints to make the most of all that autumn offers . . .

THESE ARE A FEW OF THE ATTRACTIONS AWAITING YOU IN THE 64 BIG COLOUR-PACKED PAGES OF "WOMAN":

Clothes with tomorrow's Look
All your clothes will be as modern as tomorrow if you follow our suggestions—the picture gives you the idea.

Fair Isle for Two
Colour-illustrated patterns for fascinating Fair-Isle jumpers.

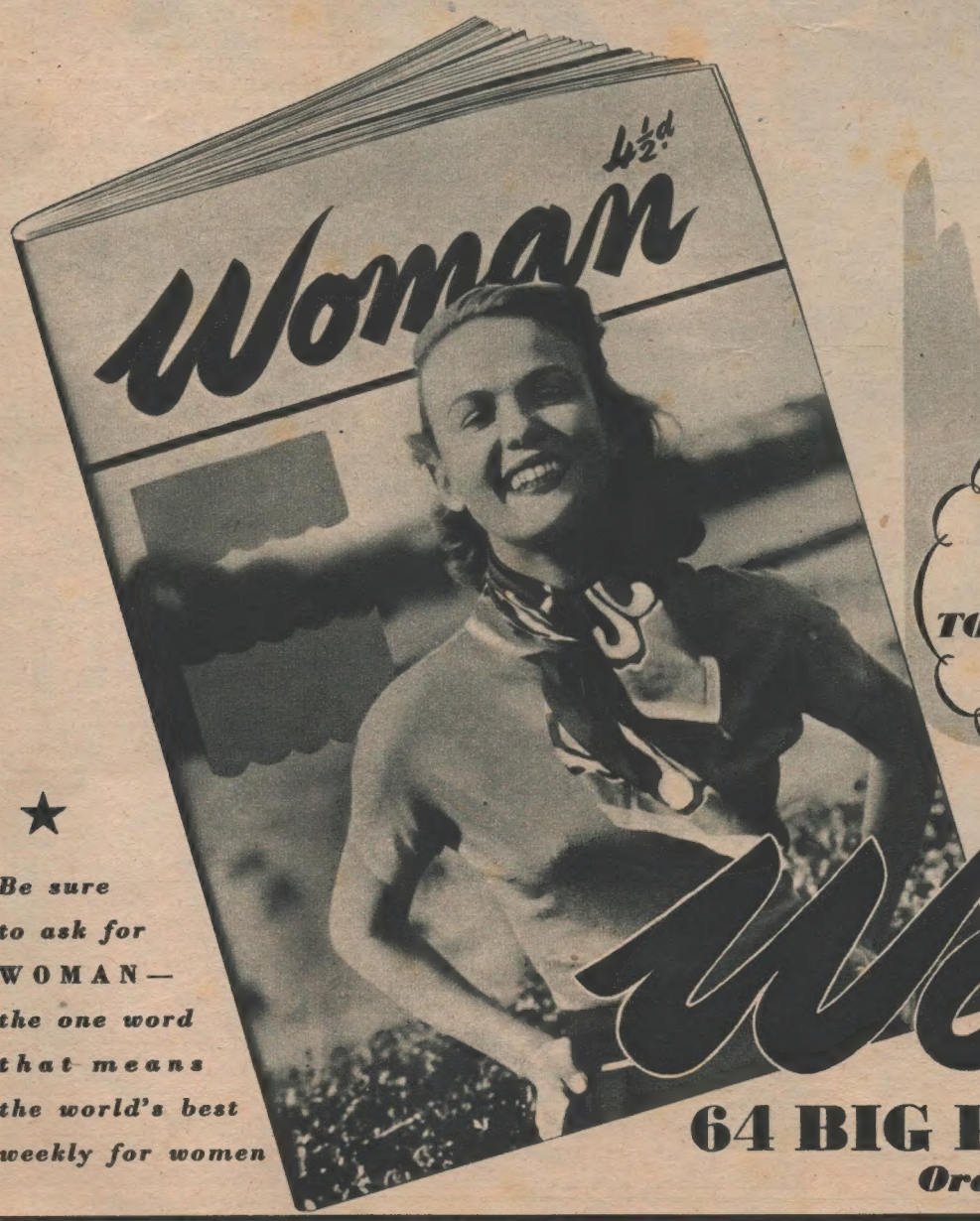
Edith Blair Bathroom
Sparkling new suggestions for bringing an old bathroom up to date.

Autumn Paints a New Picture
A beauty feature, in full colour, to suit your make-up to autumn's tones.

Cookery
Blackberries and apples will soon fall into our laps—this colour feature turns them into tasty dishes.

Fiction
For relaxation . . . 3 complete stories . . . and our serial moves towards its dramatic finale.

CLOTHES WITH TOMORROW'S LOOK



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Woman

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EDITORIAL

Found drowned

ON the second weekend of this sunny month of August, there were the usual fifty or so people drowned while holidaymaking.

A Manchester girl's fiancé and father were drowned in Cornwall; a young Durham miner slipped off a boat and could not be saved by the only swimmer in his party; a Chesterfield man went to the rescue of his drowning wife and was drowned himself.

Every fine summer's day adds to this toll—1,012 people were accidentally drowned last year, 1,054 the year before and 1,081 the year before that.

STEADY, if slow, decrease in the totals is partly due to the work of the Royal Life Saving Society, which awarded 70,314 diplomas in life-saving last year. Its secretary, Captain Alwyn Biscoe, says: "We try to turn out as many life-savers as possible. But we are up against the thoughtlessness of parents who allow their children—two-thirds of the victims—to wander unsafely, and the foolhardiness of bathers who swim away from the shore instead of parallel to it."

CAPTAIN BISCOE
"Life-savers needed . . ."

About 650 people a year are saved from sea and rivers.

More of them survive now—554 last year—thanks to the Holger Nielsen method, a newly adopted system of artificial respiration. In one recent case, it brought the victim round in three minutes after twenty minutes of the old system had failed.

THREE years ago, the Council for the Promotion of Education in Swimming carried out an investigation. It concluded that forty-eight per cent of army recruits, forty-five per cent of industrial workers and as many as seventy per cent of university students were non-swimmers.

It found an acute shortage of swimming baths, where people could learn. Some cities of 60,000 people had none at all. And of 3,500 urban schools, only thirty-four per cent used what baths there were for teaching.

Since then, there has been little improvement. In fact the Ministry of Education has directed, regrettably, that swimming is a suitable subject to be discontinued under its all-round five per cent cut.

MORE than ever, it is up to *parents* to see that their children are sufficiently strong swimmers not to get into difficulties. And once they can swim some six lengths of the bath, they should be trained in life-saving.

All adults must set an example.

The more people there are who can swim properly, the fewer there are who will drown.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAYS admits frankly that his cover painting is imaginary. He had been reading about El Ingles, the young Englishman who became a famous matador. Then he stood at his window and pictured the scene if all the children in the neighbourhood got the craze. Mays is the gentlest of men and, in spite of the señorita arrayed in the mantilla, he insists that it is a French bullfight, and that the bull will undoubtedly live to fight another day.

YOU, like them, can find SUCCESS through THE FAMOUS BENNETT COLLEGE

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ACCOUNTANT (*right*)
"Under your guidance I have become a qualified accountant in three years two months . . . and during this period I was absent from studies for about six months due to an operation besides taking a three months' break. . . . To me your methods are clear and understandable and I sincerely say 'Thank You'." W. H., Liverpool, 15.

TEACHER (*above*)
"I have received the results of the College of Preceptors Senior Certificate Examination. They are:—Credits: English, Geometry, Algebra. Distinctions: Arithmetic, English History, Num.Trigonometry. I would like to thank The Bennett College for the excellent tuition without which I could not have successfully taken the examination after only six months part time study . . . I shall not hesitate to recommend the College."
F. B., Manchester, 8.

POST OFFICE ENGINEER (*below*)
"I have passed the City and Guilds Exam. in Telecommunication Principles, Grade IV. Thanks to the course I took from The Bennett College, promotion to Assistant Engineer Grade comes automatically." G. C., Scarborough.

BUILDER (Now Managing Director) (*left*)
"I have passed The Building Inspectors' Examination of the Inst.Mun.E. May I express my appreciation of the great assistance you have given me. The Course was an excellent preparation for this Examination, and I cannot speak too highly of your lesson papers."
E. M., Watton-at-Stone, Herts.

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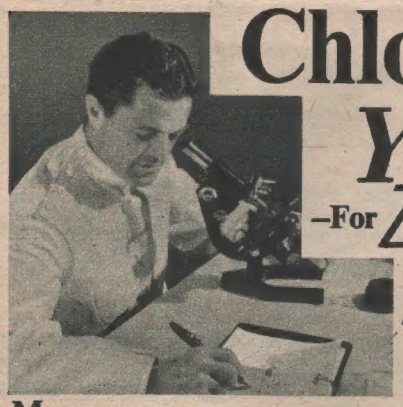

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In CHLORO-YEAST *SIX* valuable medicinals combine to help the human system. The yeast is not the useless kind that "eats itself." It is the kind recognized as best by the World's authorities. In Chloro-Yeast you will find a Yeast-compound that will help you. The Chlorophyll, too: is RIGHT. It is the only form of serious value—the water-soluble type, with effective chlorophyllin content—combating body and breath odours.

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AUGUST 29, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2461 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Little nation with a big heart

LAST YEAR, I decided to spend my holidays in Switzerland, on a luxury tour. Though I found the experience interesting, I seemed to sense a lack of fellowship in this wealthy country. Overseas visitors were obviously regarded as just another source of money.

This year, I visited Yugoslavia—surely one of the poorest countries in Europe. Here I found an almost embarrassing difference. People rushed up to me on the quayside and welcomed me to the country. Waiters everywhere refused tips. A middle-aged woman offered me a decanter of wine, roasted me some maize cobs, and refused payment. All this has reminded me that, during the war, I found much the same sort of thing in the poorer parts of Britain. Why is it that wealth and prosperity seem to reduce the humanity and fellowship of both nations and individuals?—H. M. M. R., Bournemouth, Hampshire.

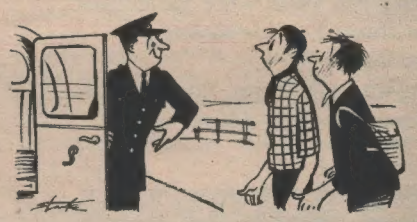
Beware Of The Plant

RECENTLY, my eyes became sore and inflamed, and after a week, I could scarcely see. I went to my doctor. He took one look at my eyes and said: "Is there a primula in your house?" I told him there was. "Then throw it out," he replied. In three days, my eyes were normal. I gather that many people are affected by a certain variety of this plant.—Mrs. Olive Anderson, Galston, Ayrshire.

"The culprit is usually Primula obconica," says a doctor. "The only remedy is to avoid the plant."

Courtesy Cop

BOTH looking very disreputable, a French student and I were trying to hitch-hike in a remote part of Lancashire. He was very dubious about this means of travel, for, he said, it was illegal in France. When a police car drew up, he expected to be arrested, while I hoped that I could explain our



suspicious appearance. The stern-looking officer asked where we were going. "Liverpool," I said. "Hop in," he replied with a broad smile—and we were on our way. My French friend summed it up with "Vive le Bobby!"—A. D. Knibb, Liverpool.

Secret Revealed

AFTER reading the second episode of "Above Us The Waves," I am still wondering what happened to the boy on the German patrol boat, who spotted the "chariots" under the fishing boat. Was he left with a coil of rope round his neck, or did he tell his mates what he had seen? If he gave the game away, how did the Arthur proceed without further investigation?—H. B., Bath, Somerset.

James Benson, one of the authors of "Above Us The Waves," says: "The boy on the boat obviously didn't know that he was looking at a human torpedo. All he saw was a strange object, and as he did not suspect a sabotage attempt the embarrassment of being 'roped' was enough to drive the incident from his mind." This week's instalment begins on page 20.

Brighter Cricket

JOHN BULL'S Editorial calling for live tests (August 8) should stir the cricket pontiffs who are killing the game. Test cricket needs a blood transfusion, if it is to stay alive and keep its supporters.—Daniel F. McCrea, Ligoniel, Belfast.

. . . Cricket has always been bright, both now and in the past. It will for ever be the brightest game of all.—E. D. Armitage, Harper Street, Oldham, Lancashire.

. . . Your suggestion for four-day matches and one-day innings should be tried. We have nothing to lose.—J. D. Dann, Penylan, Cardiff.

. . . No, sir. Leave cricket alone, and be patient. Our turn will come.—E. H. P., Cradley, Staffordshire.

Jumpy Elephants

DON EVERITT'S article on Chipperfield's Circus (John Bull, August 1) interested me greatly, for last year I went on a tenting tour with Billy Smart's circus. I agree with Dick Chipperfield when he calls elephants complex creatures. I found them lovable, but moody and—despite their size—extraordinarily nervous. Once, when we took our elephants for a morning bathe at Southsea, a motor launch passed just off-shore. Trumpeting wildly, the elephants rushed back to the beach. We calmed them down, and soon they were plodding quietly back to the show.—Bryan Matheson, St. Charles Hospital, London.

Highway Comments

IN "Free Speech" for August 8, a retired magistrate suggested a tax for cyclists. Quite right! Do the cyclists realize that their roads are subsidized by the motorist? We cyclists enjoy the road without paying for its upkeep.—G. E., Buckinghamshire.

. . . As a policeman, I suggest that a cyclist found riding with inefficient brakes should be forbidden to use his cycle until he has produced it at his police station in a safe condition, and received a certificate saying so.—J. F. P., Litherland, Lancashire.

. . . When I failed my driving test after an expensive course at a driving school, the examiner simply remarked: "A little bit more practice." Two days later, a friend told me that his father had just been granted a full

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

The canny Scot behind the

BRAEMAR GAMES

licence—because he had held one for several years up to 1921. Yet he has not driven since then, and has no experience of modern driving conditions. —A. CLAPHAM, Sheffield, 8, Yorkshire.

"Anyone who held a driving licence before April 1, 1934, can renew it now, without a test," says the Automobile Association

Sunny Spain

HAVING just returned from a delightful holiday in the south of Spain, I should like to assure your readers that I found no restrictions on sunbathing or beachwear. I was surprised to see men and women wearing shorts in the town, and the women sporting two-piece bathing costumes on the beach in full view of the Civil Guard.—G. MAY, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Cover Likeness

KENNETH PETTS'S cover for August 8 startled me. I could ask fifty of my friends to name the small girl in the man's arms. They would say: "Your daughter, of course, Madeleine Fisher."—RAYMOND FISHER, Tapton View Road, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

. . . The little girl is the image of my own three-year-old Linda.—JOAN KAY, Staines, Middlesex.

. . . Who are the children in this painting? I am sure I have known them for several years. But I think their mother has darker hair than the

woman in the illustration, although she sometimes wears a similar dress.—EDITH JENNER, Worcester Road, Bedford.

"The faces of the father and children in my cover were based on those of a family I knew in Bedford," says Kenneth Petts. "They have now gone to live in Cyprus. The mother is a grown-up version of my fifteen-year-old daughter Jean. The ticket collector—a very jolly fellow—can be seen almost any day at Bedford station."

Watches On Strike

MANY times I have tried to wear a wrist watch, but it never keeps good time, and is frequently out of order. My friends say the trouble is "electricity." Apparently I have too much in my body. Can this really be so?—MISS V. NORTHRIDGE, Cleaver Park, Malone, Belfast.

"It's quite true that some people cannot wear a watch," adds the British Horological Institute. "But the reason isn't electricity in the body. Every watch has 'escapement errors' —normally cancelled by mechanical means. Some people's nervous movements accentuate these errors, making the watch inaccurate."

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Bringing the joys of refrigeration to every home!

New "Family" Frigidaire for only £89.19.0

No other refrigerator gives you so much for so little money. Keeps a whole week's shopping Frigidaire-fresh!

Has your family had to manage without a refrigerator? You needn't any longer—for here's the new, low-price "Family" Frigidaire! Now you, too, can protect family health . . . serve tastier meals . . . turn entertaining into fun. You can keep food fresh in any weather, save housekeeping money by avoiding waste, enjoy more leisure. When food keeps till it's needed, once-a-week shopping is ample!

This fine table-top Frigidaire is easy on kitchen space, generous in storage room. Though only 2 ft. square by 3 ft. high, it gives more than 4 cu. ft. of inside storage space—enough for all the family needs!

But the best way to learn about the "Family" Frigidaire is to see it for yourself at Frigidaire Dealers, Electricity Board Service Centres and all large stores.

Holds enough food for all the family

Top-to-bottom refrigeration—so *no* waste space. All perishable food is kept fresh, wholesome and safe from germs and deterioration. And more food *inside* your refrigerator means that you have more free kitchen and larder space *outside*!

Represents the woman's point of view!

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Big Super Freezer stores 12 lb. of frozen foods or ice cream.

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YES - WE WERE MARRIED LAST YEAR - DO COME IN....
LUCKY YOU - WISH JIM AND I COULD GET MARRIED!
THIS SUITE JUST MAKES THE ROOM - SO COMFORTABLE TOO
IT'S LOVELY - MAY I SEE THE BEDROOM?
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? - WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE LIVING ROOM
BUT...WHEREVER DO YOU BOTH SLEEP?
WELL, DARLING, WE CAN THANK MARY - AND PUT-U-UP - FOR SOLVING OUR HOUSING PROBLEM
THERE YOU ARE! - A FULL SIZED PROPERLY SPRUNG BED
YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT - WOULD YOU?
A MONTH LATER
THERE'S THE BLUE RIBBON MARY SAID WE SHOULD SEE IN THE SHOP
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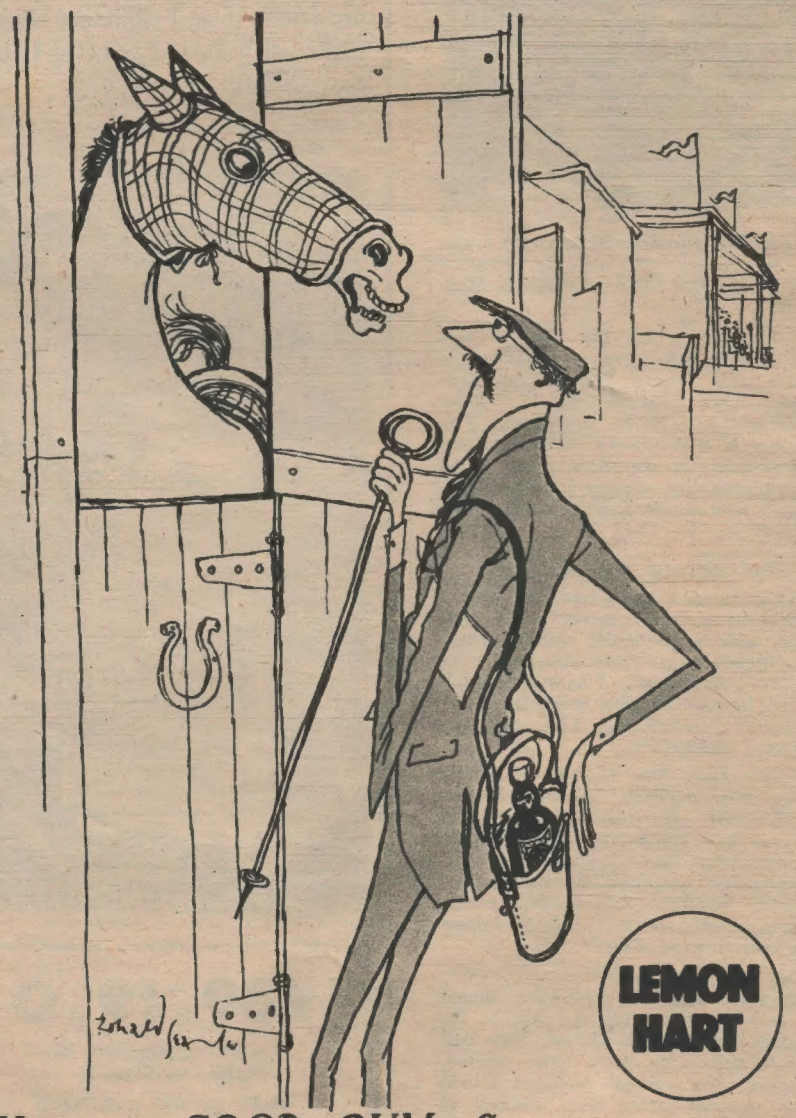

Have a GOOD RUM for your money

SOURCE SEVEN

by ***MICHAEL GILBERT***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

In Scotland Yard's drug book one page was blank. Nothing was known of Source Seven . . .

HOW CURIOUS, AND HOW DIFFERENT, are the threads which form the pattern. A titled woman who died in the gutter of Soho; a drunken crane-driver at Tilbury Docks; a pink-cheeked young man fishing off the south bank of the Gironde; a middle-aged gourmet with a house of rose-coloured brick in the hills above Maidenhead. . . .

On a fine morning in September, Superintendent Costorphine was studying the entries in his ledger, under the cross-reference of Diacetylmorphine, better known as heroin. The book lay open at a page headed with the numeral "7."

Scotland Yard has no separate Narcotics Bureau. Nevertheless, there are men in the Central Office—and Costorphine was one of them—who have come, by accident or design, to specialize in the ramifications of the drug traffic. They are co-ordinators. They work hand in glove with departments whose special interests are Undesirable Aliens, Unlawful Night Clubs, Prostitution, Procuration and Assault with Violence; occasional flowerings of the same shoot.

Superintendent Costorphine was tall, thin, white and unfidy—"like a wax candle in a draught," said Superintendent Hazlerigg, who admired, but could not love, him. He had the mind of a chess master and the patience of Job. Which was well, because he was fighting a battle in which victory was impossible and the most that could be looked for was a measure of success.

He was speaking to Hazlerigg of this.

"The real trouble," he said, "is that the stuff is no longer manufactured in England. It was tried, in the twenties. Morphia, heroin and cocaine. When we put Eddie Manning, the Negro, inside, they packed it up. It's all made in the Middle East now."

"Why do you class that as a trouble?" asked Hazlerigg. "I should have thought it was a good thing."

"No," said Costorphine. "If you can hit the producer you can stop the line once and for all. Now we can't touch the producer so we have to spread our efforts and go for the carriers. A lot of them are little men—stewards and deckhands and lascars. They're a plague, but they never carry more than tiny quantities. It's the big, regular sources that matter."

He looked down at the ledger open in front of

The time had come to put his plan to the test. Quietly, he approached the couple at the doorway

him. It was called "Costorphine's Source Book"—or, by the young and irreverent members of the department, "Mother Costorphine's Cookery Book." In it, numbered serially, could be found set out all the known details of ways and means in which supplies of unlawful narcotics were entering—or were thought to be entering—the country. About some of these sources everything was known, and in these cases a neat red line drawn at the foot of the page indicated one more chapter closed and one more hole stopped.

About other sources, information varied from the moderately complete to the extremely sketchy.

Page seven was practically blank.

"By the way," said Hazlerigg, his mind reverting to the reason that had brought him in to Costorphine's room. "We've found a lot of that jewellery."

THEY had been discussing a titled woman, in whom they shared an interest. She had disappeared from her family home three months before, with some of her own and some of her family's jewellery, and had just been picked out of the gutter in Dean Street.

"She's been selling it and pawning it," he went on. "She didn't get much for it but the transactions were honest as far as they went. I expect the family will buy it back. She'd no money on her at all. I don't think there's much doubt how she spent it, poor girl."

"No," said Costorphine. He himself never said things like "poor girl" or "poor man" about the victims of drugs; any more than he said "poor fellow" when he captured an unwary chess opponent's queen. "What was the cause of death?"

"Exposure and weakness."

Costorphine pinched his long upper lip. "I've an idea," he said, "that the heroin in her handbag came through Source Seven."

"It's a marvel to me how you keep 'em apart," said Hazlerigg.

"Changes in manufacturing methods, chiefly. This stuff was made almost exactly two and a half years ago. It started to appear on the English market last month. That's always been the peculiarity of Source Seven. A time lag of twenty-seven to thirty months between manufacture and disposal. It's very odd, that. Usually, they're only too keen to get it on the market, you know, and pick up their profit."

"Is Seven a big source?"

"Big enough to be worth stopping," said Costorphine. He was not given to over-statement. "By the way," he added, "did you hear that we had found Thomas?"

"Thomas who?"

"Tiny Thomas."

"Oh, him," said Hazlerigg. "When you say 'found' I suppose you mean——"

"Yes. Quite dead. He'd been strangled."

This is where the drunken crane-driver comes in. His name was Ricketts and he had been celebrating the return home of his eldest son from Korea; celebrating with such serious concentration that when he came on duty next morning he was not only still drunk, but too drunk to realize it. With the result that he had succeeded in dropping a steel girder weighing five tons from a height of sixty feet. Fortunately no one was underneath it at the time, but the loading jetty had disintegrated as if a bomb had hit it.

Two days later a diver had gone down to assess the damage. While he was down there, he had observed what looked like a roll of cable wire. The scour was carrying it slowly along the river bed towards him. Fearing that it might run foul of him, he had stooped to push it to one side and had noticed two feet projecting from one end.

But for this chance, the little fish and the crabs would have had time to finish what they had begun, and in the end there would have been nothing left but a cocoon of rusty wire, rolling backwards and forwards as the tide ebbed and ran.

As it was, the police were able, with some difficulty, to reconstruct and identify the remains of Tiny Thomas, who was a vendor of newspapers and, in addition, a most useful and successful police informer.

There the matter might have rested, but for the fact that when the experts examined Thomas's coat they took particular care to look out for a secret pocket which they knew it contained. In it they found a sodden piece of cardboard which, under the influence of oblique photography, yielded the single word, "POYAK."

Since Thomas was known to have been working for some time on Source Seven—to which he said he had some sort of lead—the matter was referred to Superintendent Costorphine.

"What does it mean?" asked Hazlerigg, when all this had been explained to him. "It sounds like a racehorse."

"No one knows what it means," said Costorphine. "It's evidently a name that Thomas heard—or most likely misheard—and since he thought it important he wrote it down and cached it in his inner pocket."

"Po-yak," said Hazlerigg. And then, "Poy-ak." It sounded equally silly either way.

"My first idea was that it might be the name of a boat, or a bungalow on the sea or river. Any of those would have made sense against a smuggling background."

"Have you got anyone particular on it?"

"I haven't been able to spare anyone at the moment," said Costorphine. "Why?"

"I thought it might be something for Petrella to get his teeth into."

"Hmph," said Costorphine. "Well, it would do no harm, I suppose." He didn't sound very grateful.

"Give the boy a run," said Hazlerigg. "It'll be better than leaving it to get stale. I won't let him do anything drastic without asking you or me first."

Detective-Constable Patrick Petrella was something of a joke at Headquarters. Hazlerigg had rescued him from a beat when he had discovered that he spoke Arabic, and had used him as interpreter in a piece of business which he was engaged on at the docks. He had discovered, with surprise, that his youthful-looking assistant had other accomplishments. Besides Arabic, he spoke French and Egyptian and a little Spanish. He had been brought up in Cairo, where he had been apprenticed to a firm of safe and lock makers. He was clever with his hands. He could play the banjo and knew something of subjects as far apart as wireless telegraphy and wine making. Hazlerigg had secured his removal from the Division and attachment to the Central Office, where he had come under a certain amount of fire from the old hands. He had accepted the leg-pulling with the same equanimity as he accepted anything else.

"Do some *thinking* first," said Hazlerigg to this young man. "If you strike a line, hunt it yourself, and report results. There's a Thames Conservancy List of motor boats and motor cruisers which you might start on. If you get hold of anything, tell Superintendent Costorphine or myself before you do anything silly."

Petrella saluted gravely and withdrew.

HE was back the next morning. "Could you find out, sir," he said, "whether Source Seven could have anything to do with France?"

Hazlerigg telephoned Costorphine. When he had done, he said, "Yes. The stuff starts in the Levant, but there *are* indication that there is an intermediate stage in France. Why?"

"Po-yak," said Petrella. "It's what an Englishman might make of Pauillac, if he overheard it."

"Yes," said Hazlerigg. "So he might. Is it on the coast?"

"In a way, sir. It's on the south bank of the Gironde—that is, the mouth of the Garonne. Quite large boats go past it, I believe, on their way up to Bordeaux. I don't think they stop there. It's not a large place. Perhaps if I could go and have a look round. . . ."

The thought of sending a very junior detective-constable direct to Bordeaux had not even entered Hazlerigg's head. He opened his mouth to say, "Certainly not," and then closed it again.

"I'll speak to Superintendent Costorphine," he said at last. "Meanwhile, get checking those motor boats."

Surprisingly, Costorphine supported the idea.

"Normally," he agreed, "we should ask the French police to co-operate. But what exactly are we going to ask them to do? Go to Pauillac and look for—what? If there's anything actually sticking out they'd have noticed it before. Unless we can give them rather more to go on, I'm afraid it'll be a routine inquiry and a nil return."

"All right," said Hazlerigg. "Let him go."

And to Petrella, he said, "Look here, son. You're going as a tourist. You've got a fortnight to produce some return for the public money that's being spent on you. I'll give you an introduction to the Commissaire at Bordeaux, but don't use it unless you have to. Behave like a tourist—have you got any hobbies?"

"I used to fish quite a bit."

"Excellent. Take a fishing-rod. It'll be a boring existence but I expect you'll survive. And just what are you looking so pleased about?"

"The finest claret in the world, sir, comes from Pauillac."

"Well, you won't be able to buy much of that on your allowance," said Hazlerigg. "Keep your eye on the fishes."

Which brings us to a young man fishing on the Garonne.

Patrick Petrella never before remembered

Idly at first, he watched the youths haul in the carton. Then, suddenly, he was alert. Something here was very queer indeed

such a feeling of entire and absolute contentment. He was seated in a clump of reeds. It was not a very good place for fishing, but it was an excellent place for observation. Already he was in love with the misty greys and greens of the Medoc and the broad silver-grey river which ran past his feet. Away, across the river, on the extreme right of his view, were the church and citadel of La Blaye. In front of him spread the willow-covered flats of the Ile St. Louis, with its cheerful-looking lighthouse, like a single-funnelled liner. On his left lay Pauillac jetty, with the mast and bridge of the steamer sticking out of the water exactly as the Germans had left it when they had sunk it as a final act of spite in 1944.

The warm sun was tempered by a breeze which rippled the water. The tide was on the ebb, and a single, battered, tramp steamer was coming up against it.

PETRELLA settled himself more comfortably and fell into a trance which was part happiness, part the feel of the sun on his back and part genuine tiredness.

It was during the evenings that he did his work, and he had not seen his bed until the very small hours of that morning.

"*Garçon très sympathique,*" declared Madame Jolliot of the Pension Maritime. "One can observe from his accent that he is not a Frenchman. A Belgian, perhaps."

"His passport is British," said Monsieur Jolliot.

"There are all sorts of foreigners in Britain," said Madame. "It proves nothing. To my way of thinking, he is not British. A Pole, perhaps. He is not reserved."

He was certainly not reserved. He took his evening drink at one or more of the four main riverside cafés. He joined in all public arguments. If there was a party, he could usually be relied on to make one of it. He was young and free with his money, and as soon as the ice had been broken there had been no lack of parties. It was a fortunate moment, being the last few days before the vintage. Soon everyone would be too tired at the end of the day to do more than eat and tumble into bed. At the moment there was an interval of leisure. The last row had been weeded, the gear overhauled, the casks scrubbed. So there was time for parties.

It was a social routine which left Petrella a little fatigued, but all was compensated for by the long, dreamlike mornings beside the river.

The tramp steamer was abreast of him now. It was alone on the wide reach. Boats usually came in with the flood, instead of battling up against the ebb. She must, he reflected, be running to a schedule which brooked no delay.

A man appeared on the lower well deck. Petrella saw a dark face above white overalls. The man's some sort of galley hand. He was humping a scuttle of rubbish, which he emptied over the side of the boat down wind. Refuse, boxes, paper, tins, flew out. A bag burst as it hit the water and Petrella saw potato peelings. He grinned. You couldn't litter up the sea the same way as you could the land. There were too many scavengers about. Seagulls were already wheeling over the trove.

Soon only one large cardboard carton was visible. It floated high in the water, with a sort of lopsided dignity, and the wind was driving it across the current. Petrella wondered if it would sink before it hit the reeds. At that moment, he became aware that there were other parties interested. Out of a creek, a hundred yards downstream, came a dinghy. There were two boys in it. They handled the boat skilfully, pulling into the current and judging their distance. Another type of scavenger, thought Petrella. Seagulls and boys. He didn't think they would get much for their pains. The way the box floated, he imagined it was empty.

The boat was alongside now. The two boys shipped oars and leaned over. The boat dipped as the box came over the side.

Petrella started to wind in his line. His mind was no longer on fishes. He was trying to work out how a light-looking cardboard carton, which floated high out of the water, could need two strong boys to handle it; and how it could cause a boat to dip when taken aboard; unless it was much heavier than it looked; in which case why had it not sunk? Unless, of course, it had been scientifically buoyed, say with cork or kapok or compressed air.

He packed up his fishing-gear, folded his mackintosh over his arm, and walked back down the river path. When he came to the head of the creek, he saw that the dinghy was already back at its moorings, and empty. The boys were lashing a tarpaulin over a small handcart. He could see that there were nets on the cart. Since there was no sign of the carton, he felt safe in assuming that it was under the nets.

Petrella passed on. He had no intention of following them. Such a course would have been worse than stupid. It was, moreover, quite unnecessary.

AFTER luncheon he fell into conversation with M. Jolliot. Every inhabitant of the commune knows to whom every inch of land belongs. The fields and vineyards, with their infinite divisions and sub-divisions, are spread out for all to see, like a living family tree—a record of marriage, birth, patrimony and descent.

The creek and the landing stage belonged to the owner of Château Maurice-Epinard. The château itself stood some three kilometres away. No, said M. Jolliot, it had not a classified *cru*, but produced a very good patrician wine, of the second class. Two boys? Undoubtedly they would be the sons of Clairambaud, the *facteur*, who acted also as *maître de chai*, or cellar master. In a big château, like Latour or Mouton Rothschild, the offices would be separate, but

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A friendly word from Inspector Rogers (right), chief of the police liaison officers, has kept many youngsters out of trouble. With him are Father Francis Reilly and Sergeant Burton (left)

Bessie Braddock, M.P. (second from left), talks to nurses. One of her victories was the provision of sensible uniforms for hospital staffs. She banished the old, heavy dresses with stiff collars

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Harry Hopkins concludes his report from *LIVERPOOL*

THE POLITICS OF LIVERPOOL are the politics of an immigrant city: an ocean of apathy, with an undertow of innumerable swift currents of religion, race, advantage and interest. The outcome is often remarkable. In 1945, for instance, though eight out of the city's eleven Parliamentary constituencies returned Labour Members to Westminster, at the municipal elections that followed soon afterwards the Conservative administration, which had held almost unbroken sway for many years, was once more returned—and with an increased majority.

It takes a politician born and bred in Liverpool to master such intricacies and, in fact, on both sides of the fence, the local political leaders have held their place in the headlines for many years. The atmosphere is quite peculiarly cosy.

Ruling Boss in this Boss System—in one way or another, Liverpool's relations with New York are, after all, pretty close—is Sir Alfred Ernest Shennan, the third in the dynasty of Tory Big Business tycoons, all of whose services to the city have been crowned by knighthoods. By profession an architect, Sir Alfred has a finger in many rich Liverpool pies—cinemas, a brewery, hotels, building. He is a professional go-getter, and is generally rated a very wealthy man.

Paradox In Politics

When I proposed to interview him on Liverpool's problems, he insisted that questions and answers should be in writing. "This is a great city, bigger than all of us," he said. "It's not to be talked about, lightly, in conversation."

But the paradoxes of verpudlian politics are endless. For who is the representative sent to Westminster to speak for the opulent heart of this great city, for the exchanges and for the temples of shipping and insurance, the two cathedrals, the university, Littlewood's, six teaching hospitals, the Walker Art Gallery and Picton Library, this aristocracy of culture and commerce? Who, indeed, but that outstanding product of a Liverpool elementary school, Mrs. Elizabeth Braddock.

Unlike Alderman Shennan, Bessie Braddock did not find her city beyond the powers of merely oral expression. Indeed, having with astonishing speed and agility mounted the narrow wooden stairway to her shabby office, two floors above a Fontenoy Street snack bar, she addressed me on the subject with mounting *élan* for more than an hour, diving every other minute into two large bags at her side, to come up, slightly breathless, with new statistical ammunition.

How was it, then, that with two such redoubtable champions of Labour's cause as Bessie Braddock and her husband Jim, leader of the city Labour Party, the Conservatives yet contrived to remain municipally top-dogs?

"They work religion," said Mrs. Braddock. "How? One time one way, the next time

BIG BOSSES WHO RUN A POWDER-KEG CITY

Beneath the surface of the Merseyside port's life surge forces as powerful as any in New York. Today, the explosive may be damp, but rivalries of politics and religion are real enough to Liverpudlians on opposite sides of the fence

another. Oh, they're very astute about it. But this awful conflict is always dug up. . . ."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Braddock picked up the receiver. "Mrs. Braddock," she said. "I'm being kidnapped at twenty past one tomorrow." She chuckled down the line. "Come to harm? No, I'll see to that. You wait, I shall be on the 10.10 to London on Monday as usual."

It emerged that the university students were staging their annual rag next day, but Mrs. Braddock had taken a firm line—she had absolutely declined to be kidnapped before 1.20 p.m. She knew she wouldn't be through with her constituents before then. Saturday mornings are strictly reserved for hearing the troubles of the long queues of Liverpudlians who gather on the forms in the room below. Catholic or Protestant, black, yellow or white, docker or businessman, Mrs. Braddock takes them all under her capacious wing, fighting their cases with the determination of a hen defending her chicks.

This devotion has won her many champions among all classes in Liverpool. The city's nurses, in particular, bless her for having won for them sensible uniforms at last. The most formidable of matrons, coming up against Bessie Braddock, is merely the reputedly immovable object meeting the irresistible force—and moving.

A Tory alderman and businessman . . . a woman Labour M.P. . . . and a Catholic archbishop. . . .

Until his recent death, this curious triumvirate was completed by the long-familiar and well-loved figure of the Most Reverend Richard Downey, spiritual head of Liverpool's 200,000 Catholics, one quarter of the city's population and thus, proportionately, the biggest Catholic community of any town in Britain.

Religions Mix At Last

It was a fortunate day for Liverpool when Richard Downey was appointed archbishop. Born in Kilkenny, schooled in Liverpool, graduate of London University, he brought to bear on the highly combustible conditions of this great city the sense of humour of an Irishman and the urbanity of a trained philosopher.

By his good sense and his amiability—he was long one of Liverpool's favourite after-dinner speakers—Downey established a tradition of good temper and tolerance which did much to raise the religious iron curtain which once cut the town into warring camps. So also did Hitler's bombs and the city housing department between them, breaking down the old street-by-street segregations, pouring Catholics and Protestants indiscriminately into the great new flat-blocks and estates. And now, with the postwar redistribution of electoral areas, the unthinkable has happened—the "solid" Catholic Scotland division has acquired, to the general embarrassment, a Protestant end.

But each year, on March 17 and July 12, the old loyalties still assert themselves and the streets blossom first green, then orange, as the city polarizes round the rival symbols of Saint Patrick and King Billy.

No heads have been broken for some years now, but, nevertheless, when the fifty Orange lodges march through the city with their banners flying and drums beating to celebrate the victory at the Boyne in 1690, their route is carefully regulated. Every available policeman in Liverpool is on duty, and Catholic streets are cordoned off beyond stone-throwing distance.

Perched happily on this now, perhaps, rather dampish powder-keg, puffing a pipe and scattering the odd match about, is a chubby and hearty little parson who has also for a good many years been among the better-known figures of Liverpool life. Alderman the Rev. Harry Longbottom is Grand Master of the Orange Order of Great Britain. He is also leader of the Protestant Party of six which—action and reaction—confronts a Centre (in fact, Catholic) Party of three across Liverpool's council chamber, thereby additionally complicating the complicated workings of religion in Liverpool's politics, complications which, I was assured—and I believe it—are "almost impossible for an outsider to understand."

Resident in a pleasant village in the Wirral peninsula, the Rev. Mr. Longbottom from time to time crosses the Mersey to fight the good fight in the less salubrious air of Liverpool. His slogan is Eternal Vigilance.

"I'm told that religious animosities are dying down these days," I said.

"Dying down?" said Alderman Longbottom. "It's absurd to say they're dying down. The

Man's nearest approach to immortality: Harold James (left), foreman mason, lays a template on a block of stone for the Anglican cathedral. He began as a young man. Today, masons are hard to find

High on a ridge, in a web of dingy streets, soars the half-completed Anglican cathedral

Work on the Catholic cathedral stopped at crypt-level in 1939. A model shows the architect's dream of the future. "Cathedral building," said Archbishop Downey, "is not for the pusillanimous"

cleavage is much too great for that. We need always to be on our guard. You know, we have a rule here that only Protestants are allowed to join the Conservative Working Men's Clubs. Well, that's still so . . . but candidates for Parliament no longer describe themselves, as they used to, as 'Conservative *and* Protestant. . . .' I think that was probably what made us decide that a Protestant Party was needed."

Whatever else they may have produced, these religious rivalries have at least endowed Liverpool with a wealth of social welfare rivalries—and two new cathedrals which, when completed, will be among the largest in Europe.

Dome Will Dwarf Big Ben

The Catholic cathedral, which will be second in size only to the basilica of St. Peter's in Rome, will rise on the site of an old workhouse among the dismal tenements of Brownlow Hill. Through the war years the vast structure has been halted at the crypt, and woebegone hoardings still wall in those great barrel-vaulted catacombs of dirt-streaked granite, cut deep into the solid rock. But at the entrance, the attendant will sell you a postcard of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. "Hold up to artificial light," says the legend on the front. You do so, and the cathedral's tremendous dome leaps into view, dwarfing the familiar Westminster scene.

Now, under Adrian Gilbert Scott, taking over after the death of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the crypt is to be built up to ground level and opened for services. Adrian Scott, oddly enough, is the younger brother of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who as an up-and-coming architect of twenty-one produced the design which was selected in a national competition for the Liverpool Anglican cathedral. Lutyens, the Catholic cathedral's designer, was a Protestant. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the Anglican cathedral architect, is a Catholic—which seems to show that Liverpool is not so near to burning heretics as is sometimes suggested.

From the steps of the Catholic cathedral's crypt, the massive red sandstone tower of the Anglican cathedral is silhouetted against the sky, no more than half a mile away, occupying a superb site on a high ridge above the town.

Climb the many steps to the side door, push it open, and enter. No cathedral in Britain is more beautiful, more awe-inspiring. Two impressions predominate. The first is the extraordinary spaciousness of the interior, with its vast central arch—"the Central Space"—and the clean sweep of floor. It is simple, elemental, a part of the great globe itself. The other is the richness and range of the colour, pools of plain red sandstone, warmly glowing.

Outside, cranes rise into the sky at the corners of the building. The wall that now closes the western end is merely temporary. On the ground beyond it three new piers are rising which will, in time, support the beginning of the nave.

From the masons' yard behind the old mortuary chapel, which looks like an Athenian temple, comes the stutter of pneumatic chisels, the steady tap of masons' hammers. In the centre of the yard, Harold James, the foreman mason, lays a template against a great hunk of upended sandstone. All around, little clouds of red dust spurt from the stones as the men bend over them.

Architect's Life Work

It was just after the first World War when Harold James was taken on here, a young fellow not long out of his time. Now his son, who followed him here as an apprentice, is assistant clerk of works. And Giles Gilbert Scott, the architect, a bright young man in his early twenties when the foundation stone was laid in 1906, is now a septuagenarian, full of years and distinction. But the cathedral is still building—and will be for many years to come. "Cathedral-building," as Archbishop Downey said of that other great cathedral, over to the north, "cathedral-building is not for the pusillanimous."

But now it is not so easy. The work is slowed for lack of masons. "I reckon there used to be four or five hundred masons in Liverpool," says Harold James. "Now I don't think there are two hundred. And the young fellows don't take the same interest in their work. Why, when I was an apprentice you did what you were told or you got a clout on the ear. But now. . . ."

The foreman, nevertheless, has his consolations. For it is given to few men to leave behind them, as their life's work, a great cathedral; to be able to look up at a massive archway, and say: "I remember making that piece . . . and that." It is as near as mortal man can come to immortality.

Certainly, Liverpool, the city of the Scousers, spread over the Mersey slopes below, has need of all the grace its two great cathedrals on the hill can gain for it. For, from time to time, the tide of transient humanity, piling up on to all the other rootless squatters in the city, threatens to overwhelm the frame of law and order.

Police Fought Crime-wave

One of these moments of challenge came with the end of the war and the first years that followed. The city then was full of sailors and hangers-on of all sorts from all over the world, pockets bulging with money. Prostitutes flocked in from all points of the compass. The black market flourished. Gangs swaggered in the streets. With 30,000 "rickshaw boys," who fled from Hongkong, still in the city, even law-abiding Chinatown caught the infection—and the police had their first taste of tong warfare.

The police were—and are—greatly under strength. And it says much for their ability that, bit by bit, this appalling situation was overcome. The sailors were put on ships. The women were sent packing. And, as the pickings diminished, the racketeers and hangers-on were forced to turn to robbery and housebreaking to keep going. One by one, the gang leaders were caught; the gangs broken up. Peace returned to Liverpool's streets.

But the evil legacy of these years was not so easily shaken off. By 1951, prosecutions of

juveniles in Liverpool for indictable offences had risen to the alarming yearly total of 2,248. It was at this point that the Chief Constable of Liverpool, Charles Carnegie Martin, decided that a new approach would have to be made: "We recognized that people do not just turn into scoundrels overnight. We decided to work on the assumption that crime was like a disease. It had its incubation period—and that was when we must catch it." To this end was set up a unique system of police liaison officers, distributed through all divisions.

I met the chief of these preventive men, a tall, bluff, sensible inspector from St. Helens named John Rogers. For one reason or another, he explained, shopkeepers, teachers and parents were often reluctant to report to the ordinary policeman some odd bit of trouble involving children. The rôle of his plain-clothes liaison officers was to act not only as the public's watch-dogs but also as its advisers and confidants. These, certainly, were no woolly-minded do-gooders; they had all been good thief-takers in their time—but they had been youth club workers, too.

Case-record Of A Gang

Often enough, trouble reported to them, or encountered on their rounds of shops, schools and welfare agencies, could be put right by some quite simple action. It often arose from a mother being completely over-burdened with children in hopeless living conditions. A word to the appropriate special welfare service might set things back on the right road. Or it might be an unsatisfactory parent: getting a boy into a youth club would help there.

In his office in Liverpool's fine police college at Allerton, John Rogers thumbed through case-records of the 1,500 children whose behaviour has so far come under the attention of his men and women. He stopped suddenly. "Now here," he said, "here's a little job we have on at the moment. A gang of eight lads, going to one school, the eldest, twelve, the youngest, eight. They've done a couple of breaking-in jobs, several raids on motor lorries.

"Well, there's always a leader: the thing is to find him. Now, in all these jobs there was a certain fair-haired lad. His teacher's opinion was that he was much below average intelligence, subdued, cowardly. Yet at playtime, the teacher noticed, this lad seemed to act like a magnet to the others. He could catch their imagination. He'd just say: 'We'll do so-and-so tonight,' and the gang would follow, swept away.

"Well, we got him moved to another school. The rest of the gang were put into different classes. We took away the—what do you call it? —catalytic agent, and the trouble was over."

Great And Good Old Days

And, when you reflect that the gangs which made so many murder headlines in postwar Liverpool graduated from such gangs of dead-end kids, formed on the city's pavements, you get an idea of just how much trouble—with luck—was over.

Partly because of its pivotal position between East and West, partly because of its merchants' rich stores of accumulated experience, Liverpool's great markets in cotton and corn hold a key position in world commerce.

Liverpool's spot cotton market was the largest in the world. Wealthy and powerful Liverpool merchant dynasties maintained great warehouses bulging with cotton they had imported; sent their sons out to the Southern plantations to learn about cotton on the tree. "Spinner clients," coming over from Manchester, were accustomed to find in the sample rooms of their Liverpool friends an infinite variety of staples. "Liverpool Arbitration" was written into contracts made all over the world.

The past tense is not accidental. For today much of this has a "Good Old Days" ring about it. With the outbreak of war, private importing of both cotton and corn was prohibited. Symbolically, perhaps, one of Hitler's bombs removed the Corn Exchange. The floor of the Cotton Exchange, under its big glass dome, fell silent: the civil servants of the Raw Cotton Commission moved in.

"It was a terrible thing to see. It was sacrilege," they'll still tell you in Liverpool, and though they may smile they are not joking.

Yet throughout the long years of silence the merchants and brokers of Liverpool have never weakened in their conviction: they would be back. Their knowledge and skills fulfilled a necessary function with a degree of fineness and enterprise not possible to a great bureaucratic organization. They were, they felt, like the sun and the moon and the tides, a part of the natural order of things. So strong was this feeling in Liverpool that the city's veteran Labour mayor, Alderman Luke Hogan, actually supported the city's plea for the reopening of the Cotton Exchange, in the face of official Labour policy.

Now, with the increasing relaxing of controls in 1953, hopes are stirring more strongly again. In Brunswick Street a new Corn Exchange, finer than the last, is rising. In Old Hall Street the bowler-hatted brokers, striding along to the Exchange with cotton samples under their arms, walk with a jauntier step. "If I had a son," said A. H. Dickson, secretary of the Liverpool Cotton Association, "I'd put him into cotton today."

Enterprise Is Stifled

Yet, behind this stout professional optimism move vague doubts and misgivings which were never there before. For the balance wheel—and secret—of this whole intricate world mechanism was the Futures Market. That balance wheel is missing. For a Futures Market predicates a freely convertible pound sterling, a free supply of dollars—and much more. Income tax at present-day levels, removing large profits, but not bearing losses, puts a tourniquet on highly speculative enterprise.

This Liverpool, in fact, belongs to the old Free Trade world in which overseas nations were only too eager to send us their food and raw materials in return for our manufactures and machinery; in which currency controls were unheard of, and no government would have dreamed of interfering with the free play of economic forces.

That world died quite some time ago. And, in its heart of hearts, Liverpool has probably enough Lancashire gumption to recognize it. And so, while with one half of its mind it awaits the return of the Good Old Days, with the other it is all the time insuring against their failure to return with quite outstanding energy. If the city's heart is ageing, its outer extremities are galvanized.

Leave the depressing and bomb-ravaged centre of the city and embark on a bus or tram climbing up out of Liverpool for the outskirts and, in the fullness of time—it may be up to an hour—you will find yourself in an atmosphere that is totally different, a scene that is bursting with life.

New Work In New Towns

Here are vast, bright, new housing estates, complete communities which are a far cry indeed from the dreariness of Scotland Road. Yet they are mixed blessings—for the big bus fare bills and the higher rents they entail place an almost intolerable strain on transplanted workers' budgets.

That is being taken care of in a series of what will be virtually "new towns" growing up on the periphery—although the motives that first brought them into existence were economic, not social. They have been built over twenty years to bring diversity to the employment of Liverpool, hitherto dangerously dependent on the vagaries of world trade.

Speke, started in 1932 (rubber, penicillin, matches, textile machinery, caravans), has

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Destination of a million hopes, employers of 20,000 Liverpool people, Littlewood's Pools are a thriving industry of the "new" city

On the steps of his hostel, Father O'Connor welcomes a seaman. Atlantic House provides first-class service—and relaxation (below)

Digby kissed the bride, and Madeleine kissed the groom. Digby knew his wife's eyes were upon him and fervently hoped Fiona wouldn't overdo things

DIGBY

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

Fiona's wedding . . . and the champagne corks popped like machine-guns. At any minute, Digby felt — at any *second* — this party would be getting out of hand

SCOTLAND HAD TAUGHT Digby Ross, of New York, a lot. Especially about women. For the sake of the girl he thought he loved, he had knocked out the man he thought she hated. To Digby's bafflement, she had covered the defeated man with kisses and announced her desire to marry him.

The girl was Fiona Kilburnie, an auburn-haired Venus who had swept Digby off his feet before he'd been in the Highlands a day. The man was a raffish young peer, Lord Balgersho. And it had all happened at a Gathering of the Clan Kilburnie, of which Fiona was chieftain.

There was an ancient feud between the Kilburnies and the Tarrs of Balgersho. So Lord Balgersho, an ex-R.A.F. pilot, had taken it into his head to break up the Gathering with stink-bombs and insulting leaflets dropped from his plane. Enraged, Digby had let him have it—and unwittingly made peace between the two

clans which were to be united by marriage.

Marriage. . . . Digby couldn't honestly say he'd ever meant to *marry* Fiona. He'd only started the affair because his wife Madeleine had talked of divorce. At home in New York, Madeleine had scorned the idea of a Scottish holiday. But the Highlands had gone to her head, too: she had flirted outrageously with Balgersho.

Now the Rosses were reconciled, united against their rather overbearing host, Colonel Farquhar Galbraith. But Digby's troubles weren't over yet. For one thing, Madeleine must never find out just how far his affair with Fiona had gone.

One morning he overheard the two women talking about him. He went hot all over. Discretion had never been Fiona's strong suit. At all costs, he must prevent her from saying too much. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

Wedding Plans

He stepped heavily through the hall and into the smoking room. The two of them were in armchairs. "Good morning, Fiona," he said heartily. "How's everything?"

She pouted, lolling in Highland dress, with nylons, his. "Not very good," she said. "I was just thinking I wished Hamie was more like you and less like him, Digby, but you can't have everything, can you?"

"No, Fiona," he said. "Hamish wouldn't be him if he was me, now, would he?" What an asininity, and in her own garbled mode of speech, but he had caught Madeleine's eye. He was perfectly innocent. It was amazing how he could see Fiona's charms unmoved. But Madeleine's gaze had a steely quality, as of a female hawk watching for shenanigans in the nesting season. "You wish Hamish was more like dear old Uncle Digby," he said. "And I guess, for all I know, he wishes you were more like Auntie Madeleine. True love sets such a high standard for the adored one." He winked at Madeleine, and she laughed.

But Fiona was cross. "He doesn't! He wants me to be me. 'Just be yourself, my poppet,' he keeps saying. Last night he said there wasn't another woman in the world like me, that's what he said."

"And he was quite right, too; never said a truer word. There, there, Fiona."

She sniffed. "Well, it's to be in the kirk, of course, but we're not sending out printed invitations because Hamish says it's a matter of principle, although he says he's a man with practically no principle, but he's waited so long to get his hooks into me that he isn't going to tempt Providence now, even if it does mean fewer wedding presents. I don't really understand that, do you, Madeleine?"

"No, I don't, Fiona. It sounds screwy to me, but Hamish is a very logical person, so there must be some reason, I suppose. Go on."

"Then we're having a reception at the Birks, just everybody local and some relations, and a man called Pranger Potter who was in Hamish's squadron. He's flying some wonderfully cheap champagne over from Belgium or one of those places, but it's supposed to be a secret because he's using an air force plane and that isn't exactly allowed. No, I can't have a drink, Digby. He says it makes me smell, but if you're very insistent I'll have to have just one, a decent one, out of politeness.

"Well, then, afterwards I'm going to be standing in the ballroom under the great chandelier and everyone will file past to kiss the bride. Have you seen our chandelier, Madeleine?"

Madeleine shook her head and smiled.

"It's much the biggest and most famous chandelier in Scotland. I showed it to Digby one time. Then next will be the speeches. We'll have to allow Uncle Farquhar to make a speech because he's giving me away. Then the bridegroom, and the last of all from the best man. I do hope Digby's going to make a rhyming speech like for the Gathering. You *will* do another lovely poem, won't you, for my wedding?"

"No," said Digby. "Not on your life. Sorry, Fiona."

Fiona panted for a moment, but she was too full to stop. "We're going to have Highland dancing after the speeches, and then, of course, we're having a buffet as well as a cake. It's all so terribly expensive, and we haven't got a bean between us, and we were saying to one another just last night that we can't really live in two houses at the same time. So we had a brilliant idea that you might like to take the Birks for the grouse and stalking next year—and if you could let us have the rent in advance it would be a marvellous help, Digby."

"That's a very kind offer, Fiona, and I do appreciate it. But we have other plans for next year. Also, I think, perhaps, people here may have formed an exaggerated estimate of my financial resources, which, I may say, are by no means inexhaustible, and there have been unexpectedly heavy drains. . . ."

"Now, now, darling. This isn't the annual report," Madeleine said. "I think I could let you have a little, Fiona, if it would help."

"It would be a *marvellous* help, Madeleine. You're awfully sweet."

There was the drone of an aeroplane.

"I can hear him!" cried Fiona. "Oh, here he comes! Am I all right, Madeleine?"

"You look wonderful."

Fiona downed her whisky, got rid of the glass, composed her limbs and sat primly. What this man had done to her was nothing short of awe-inspiring.

"Hallo, my poppet," Balgersho said, a few minutes later. But he did not go to her. He loped across and stood with hands on hips, looking at her.

"I think," Madeleine said, "we'd better leave the happy couple to themselves."

* * *

The bride was in her satin dress, wearing two sashes, not just one—the green, gold, scarlet of Kilburnie, the grey, blue, saffron of Tarr, draped from each shoulder. Hamish was in full regalia of doublet, kilt and lace, of hose and sporran, of belt and dirk, of buckled shoe, of skean-dhu.

They stood in the ballroom at the Birks, while guests streamed in through the East Tower door, and all was formal for the greeting.

Digby and Pranger Potter opened champagne. *Pop* went the corks. *Pop, pop* and healthy *pop* again. The unknown vintage sounded good.

"I say, Dig," said Pranger, a gargantuan man with a black moustache which made a wisp of the colonel's appendage. "I say, old Dig, talk about atomic crackerjack! Lord, take me for an inverted loop! Lord, stall me in the drink! I never in my born days saw a twin-boom fuselage like that." He gazed with simple awe at Lady Balgersho, *née* Fiona Kilburnie of the Birks.

Pranger had taken many a pint of ale, and then the pair of them had switched to champagne out of tankards, which spells danger to the oldest hand. Pranger was in fine form.

"Digby!" It was Fiona. A frown had sped across her face. "Take your place in line!"

DIGBY had been too busy up to now to join the congratulatory queue. But this was a command he must obey. He hastened to do so, and had an uneasy recollection of the first time they had met beneath that chandelier.

Where's Madeleine? he thought. I'd better take her with me just in case; and, anyway, husband and wife should go together. You never know with Fiona. She might overdo things for the sake of auld lang syne.

He found Madeleine near the door. She had been audience for an ancient laird, but left him now in that graceful way of hers. They took their places in the line, and first Madeleine

Deeply moved, he watched the little ship —and suddenly he had an awful suspicion

exchanged cheeks with Fiona, then Digby himself. No question that Fiona was thinking of the first time: "Look up at the Cairngorm, Digby." They craned their necks back, and she murmured: "Goodbye, Digby. I wonder if a girl can love a second man just a teeny bit underneath."

"Quite impossible," he said firmly as their chins rolled down and their lips met in a kiss from which he soon disengaged himself. Fiona meant no harm, no infidelity. She was saying goodbye to all that.

Hamish finished with Madeleine, too. "You look good enough to eat," he said, in order to make her blush, and loud enough to annoy Fiona, who closed upon him jealously at once.

The guests had nearly all passed by. "Come here, Pranger," cried Hamish.

Pranger was there at the double. He wore uniform, his broad chest stacked with ribbons—D.S.O.s and D.F.C.s and the Silver Star and the Croix de Guerre and every campaign imaginable. "Anything I can do, Wings?"

"You see that old beezer with the beard? MacLagan by name. He's as teetotal as I am, but there's no love lost between us, and never has been. He had the bloody nerve to say just now that he hoped marriage would be the making of me. Fill him up with champagne, Pranger. From now on this is your only job. Quite clear?"

"Okey-doke, Wings. I'll fix the lad up."

"Get cracking, then."

"Find yourself glasses one and all!" It was the colonel. He had clambered upon a table; he wore an unusually benign expression; he

El Dorado

by DORIS LESSING

NEXT WEEK JOHN BULL publishes the first half of a two-part story by Doris Lessing. It is called *El Dorado*—and it is a little masterpiece, a tale of tremendous power and dramatic tension.

El Dorado is the story of the Barnes family—Alec Barnes and his wife Maggie, and their two sons, Dan and Paul—who go to Rhodesia to farm. They go to farm . . . but Alec Barnes gets gold fever.

It starts as a dreamer's hobby. It becomes a terrible obsession that begins to ruin the little family. . . .

El Dorado is a haunting story with the same fine quality as the author's *Little Tembi*, published in JOHN BULL two years ago, and now a classic. Brilliantly illustrated in full colour by K. J. Petts, it begins . . . IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK.

Watch out, too, for . . . . . **DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE**

a magnificent new novel of suspense by ANDREW GARVE—the story of a man hounded for a murder he did not commit. This exciting new serial is in five parts. The first long instalment starts in JOHN BULL, September 12. Further details next week.

swayed a little from the hips, more, perhaps, from the generous rhythm of his mood than from unstable equilibrium; he held a full pint tumbler of champagne. "*Jeldi*, now!" he called. "I have an intolerable thirst which cannot be long denied."

Soon the whole company had glasses. "Your Grace," he began, "M'Lords and M'Ladies, Chief of this and Chief of that, Hereditary Whatnots, Master of the Eagles, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Ladies and Gents, Bride and Groom and good old Prissitulchan."

My God! Digby thought. *What on earth's coming now?*

"It is indeed a pride and privilege on this most auspicious, shall I even say unparalleled, occasion to propose the health of the sweet bride whom I have just had the ineffable pleasure of handing over. We all of us know Fiona. We know of her beauty; indeed that stands out a mile for all to see.

"We know of her wisdom, which lurks just below the surface. We remember her adorable girlhood pranks. We admire her loving care of Clan Kilburnie and the septs. Her gentle nature, her selfless disposition, her angelic spirit, are all bywords in these parts, in this neck of the woods, as my dear friend Digby Prissitulchan Ross would say . . . I'll come back to Fiona in a minute. But first I have a few other things to say. All my superlatives are exhausted; I wish I'd kept a few for Digby P. and Madeleine Ross. . . ."

At this everyone came to life, and cheers rang out.

The colonel held up his hand. "Madeleine! Where is she? Stand up for us all to see you, Madeleine."

"No, Farquie. I will not."

"Stand up then, Digby P."

"No, thank you, Colonel."

"They're shy. Well, never mind. Of Madeleine let me only say, 'shall I compare thee to a summer's day?' Or let me only say she epitomizes that glorious dynamic womanhood of our great sister nation and staunch ally. Madeleine is the bee's knees.

"As for Digby P., words fail me. Just look how he's settled an ancient feud. Just look at this great tycoon and Highland poet and ringmaster in the nuptial circus. All I can say about Digby P. is that he's our hero and our elder brother. Can I say more? Can I describe his feats with rod and gun and mettlesome right hand? Can I explain the way he keeps me personally in the straight and narrow?" The colonel paused. He finished on a more moderate and more convincing note. "As a matter of fact, I'm going to miss the fool. So are we all, I do believe. Send us a postcard sometimes, Digby P."

All the good people cheered, and there were cries of: "Ye're braw, Digby," and "Man, we'll miss ye," and "God bless Mr. and Mistress Ross," and "Bravo!" from the ancient Laird of Dumfechan come to life on the ballroom floor.

"Now for the bride. After long revolting centuries of strife, the Tarrs and Kilburnies have patched it up. They have this day forged a bond. To our toast let us add a pious hope—that from this tardy union will rise a new and better breed. Can I say more? I give you the bride!"

AFTER that there were speeches by Hamish and Digby which lasted about a minute each; there was the cutting of Bridget Moloney's three-tiered cake; there were wedding photographs. Testy Andrew Kilburnie could be heard tuning his pipes outside, while in a far corner of the ballroom Pranger plied MacLagan.

"It's wizard stuff, sir," he said politely. "It's the latest kind of ginger ale from Belgium."

"Is that a fact?" said MacLagan, and took a sip and drained his glass and held it out for more. He was an easy subject. "You'll no fool me," he said after a while. They were getting on wonderfully well together, what with the champagne and being such disparate types. "Yon's strong drink," he said, "and the currse of mankind, but I'm not caring the day. I'm drowning my sorrows."

"Are you sad, old boy? What's up?"

"Digby's away is what's up, and him with the making o' a fisher if he was a wee thing less opinionated. Och, he'll be missed in these parts. I doubt the currnel'll go back from bad to wurrse in no time. Gie us mair ginger frae Belgium, Pranger."

Then Andrew played for the Eightsome Reel and Petronella, for the Dashing White Sergeant and Strip the Willow, and yells rang out, and feet were merry. . . .

Hamish was wearing a suit for going away, which made him look different but no less raffish. He would be as much the pirate in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue as here among his native hills.

"Old Pranger's pretty well had it," he said to Digby, nodding at his henchman who lay comatose on the sofa, moustache stirring with each breath. "Is Queenie ready?"

"I'll ask." Digby went half-way upstairs and met his wife. "Is Fiona ready?"

Madeleine shook her head. "Not quite," she whispered. "The poor child's been crying. She says she can't bear the thought of facing the unknown, but Nanny comforted her."

Hamish prowled restlessly about the room. "Well," he said, turning round. "We finally got spliced up."

"You certainly did. Tell me, Hamish, are Highland weddings often like yours?"

Hamish smiled and shook his head. "Not often, I would say." He began to pace again but stopped. "I hope you've enjoyed yourself," he said soberly. "As everyone says *ad nauseam*, we're going to miss you."

"I shall miss you, too," said Digby. "This is the loveliest, craziest country I ever was in. I'm not even sure it exists."

Hamish laughed. "I sometimes wonder that myself. Well, I suppose we'll see you and Madeleine again some day. You'll come back here; or Queenie and I might take a trip to America before we get too long in the tooth to enjoy it. Years hence you may get a warning cable."

DIGBY said: "That would be swell." But would it? He was not so sure. "You still haven't told me where you're spending the honeymoon, or is that a secret?"

"Thanks to Digby P. Ross's wedding cash, we've taken a hell of a suite at the Cally in Edinburgh. That's for a night or two. And I've booked another at Claridges. The city lights for us. Fiona says she wants to be able to get up and go dancing whenever she feels like it. To be more accurate, whenever *I* feel like it. Don't you think I handle the woman well, Digby old boy?"

"Superbly," said Digby. "Don't be too severe, though. She's a mettlesome girl, and I'd hate to think of her subdued. She wouldn't be Fiona then."

Fiona danced in through the door with a skip and a hop and a twinkle of high-heeled shoes. She sank in an exquisite curtsy to her husband. He took both her hands. "My God," he said. "You're a hopeless, marvellous woman."

Digby picked up the suitcases and walked to the door. "They'll be right down," he called to the confetti-clasping guests lining the path. Pranger had awakened in the room and the two of them walked to the plane, Digby stowing the luggage while the airman started the engine.

Now the cheers rang out, confetti fell in multi-coloured showers, and Colonel Galbraith tied an ancient boot to the tail-strut.

"Goodbye, Hamish."

"Goodbye, Digby old boy, and many thanks. See you soon, Pranger, you old devil."

"God bless, Wings. Good luck, Fiona. Be good!"

"*Aechi-va*, Prissitulchan. You'll always be

Continued on page 36

Tessie O'Shea, the girl who loves to be fat

by MARJORIE EARL

She's enormous—an outsize figure of fun. Yet the sixteen-stone comedienne with surprisingly trim legs is happy with her shape. "Without it," she says, "I'd just be another Betty Grable"

WHEN TESSIE O'SHEA was in America two years ago an English friend introduced her to an American woman. "Do you know Two-Ton Tessie?" he asked. Indignantly the stranger protested: "How dare you insult the lady?" Tessie's blue eyes widened and her cheerful face broke into a smile. "He's not insulting me, luv. That's my name," she said.

Tessie, who earns £300 a week and more as a variety and cabaret artist, weighs sixteen and a half stone and has a forty-eight-inch waistline. Her hip and bust measurements soar past the half-century mark. Most women would worry about such lush proportions, but not Tessie. They are her stock-in-trade.

Her nickname comes from her raucous theme-song, "Two-Ton Tessie From Tennessee," which she does not particularly like. "I never sing 'They call *me* Two-Ton Tessie,'" she points out. "I always say, 'They call *her* Two-Ton Tessie.'" But, since she introduced the song at Blackpool's North Pier more than a decade ago, the nickname has stuck, and Tessie, whose Christian names are Teresa Mary, makes use of it.

Made A Hit In New York

While in New York in 1951 she was invited to make an eight-minute guest appearance in a television show. Immediately beforehand she was informed that her spot had been cut to two minutes. "If I've only got two minutes they might as well know who I am," she told her pianist. "We'll give them my theme." When she finished singing, the programme's compère, Ed. Sullivan, had to plead with the studio audience to stop shouting their applause so that he could make his commercial announcements. He could stop them only by promising to bring Tessie back.

She came back the following year, and after appearing in one television show she was offered contracts worth more than £4,000. She had to turn them down because of an attack of appendicitis and an operation. Her first stage appearance in London after she had recuperated was at the Palladium in February. On this occasion her fans discovered something they had not hitherto known. She has lovely legs.

About a year ago, a British women's magazine conducted a contest in which photographs of legs and faces of famous people had to be matched. One of the faces was that of Betty Grable—and most of the contestants ignored the film star's

Her hips and bust soar past the fifty-inch mark, her humour is as expansive as her forty-eight waistline. On the stage, at £300 a week, Tessie O'Shea finds her figure is her fortune

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

own legs and chose for her instead those of Tessie O'Shea.

Tessie's legs were once the subject of a controversy on a Birmingham tram. In the crowd going home from the theatre was Tessie's secretary, Mari Pressler. She was listening to an argument about her employer. "She's padded," one passenger said. "She couldn't have legs like that and not be." Someone else disagreed, and soon the passengers were making bets. "It looked as though the padded side was winning, and I couldn't stand it any longer," said Miss Pressler. "So I told them she isn't."

Sometimes, Tessie feels she would like to have a figure to match her legs but, since she has not, she makes the best of it. Fortunately, her good humour is as expansive as her waistline. On stage and off, she jokes about her size. "How are they going to get *me* on that little screen?" she asked before her first television show. When she went to South Africa she had herself unloaded at the quayside by a crane. In 1948, before going to Australia, she told reporters: "I'm scared that when the Aussies see me they'll stop sending food parcels."

"It's A Libel!" Cried Tessie

When she came back from Australia the newspapers said she weighed fourteen and a half stone. "It's a libel!" cried Tessie. "I've been sixteen and a half stone for years, and nobody is going to do me out of twenty-eight pounds." When actress Dorothy Dickson once wrote that stodgy figures make stodgy minds, Tessie organized a party of fat actresses and answered her back, also in print.

Tessie's act consists of comic patter and songs accompanied by her ukelele and a piano. One of her most successful bits of business is pushing her piano around the stage. This started in Australia when she was invited to Sydney for six weeks to open a new theatre. "It had three thousand seats," she says. "They needed someone big to fill it in more ways than one." The theatre was a converted cinema and not too well adapted for live productions. Tessie, as star of the opening show, was naturally given a full stage. "I didn't realize how full that was," she recalls. "The stage was enormous."

During her act she usually turns around to chat with her pianist. This time he was so far away she pretended she could hardly see him. "Goodness gracious me!" she exclaimed. "Where has he gone? Did he go back to England?" Then she added: "Poor darling, stuck away out there in the cold. We'll have to bring him in."

She Spurns Comic Costumes

The pianist got up and began to push the big concert grand piano towards the centre of the stage. "Don't do that, luv," Tessie cried. "You'll hurt yourself. Here, let me help you." Whereupon she took over, allowing the pianist to carry the stool—after first warning him to be careful. The audience loved it, and it is now part of her routine.

Early in her career, Tessie relied on comic costumes, elastic-sided boots, striped stockings and elaborate, bird-decked headgear. Once, while playing at Huddersfield, some of her fellow actors declared that these props were the secret of her success. "It isn't true," cried Tessie indignantly. Next evening she appeared in the one evening dress she possessed, gaily ignoring the hazards of its train and the constriction of its tight skirt. The audience laughed so heartily that she has never worn a comic costume since. She now wears elegant evening gowns, flowing shoulder draperies, sequins and aigrettes. She has more than a hundred hats, most of them big, which she wears at every opportunity, usually removing them by saying: "Let's take the bloomin' thing off—it gets in the way."

Tessie, who designs her own dresses, is constantly getting letters from fans begging for her cast-off clothes. "I am about your build and I can't find a thing to fit me," is the way many of her fan letters begin. "Will you please send me one of your old dresses?" Although Tessie is sympathetic, she has been forced to refuse all appeals, and hands her old clothes to a charity organization. "I haven't many, anyway," she says.

Fans Invite Her To Tea

Because she seems to take her audiences to her heart ("It's a long time since I've seen yer, luvs," she says if she is playing a town after a long absence), Tessie gets a brand of fan mail few artists can duplicate. Most of her fans invite her to tea. "If I accepted half my tea invitations I'd be busy every hour of the day for a whole year," she says.

"I was born in Cardiff, but Blackpool made me," Tessie is fond of saying. As a girl, she wanted to be a ballet dancer, but Nature played a trick on her and made her fat. So Tessie trumped Nature's trick. When the spectacle of a plump girl executing pirouettes proved irresistibly comic, she laughed with her audience and became a comedienne. In her comfortably-off middle-class home she began back-bends at three and dancing lessons at four. At five she appeared in her first concert and made a comic hit with a song that was supposed to be sad. When she was eight she won a South Wales talent contest, sharing first place with a chorus of thirty men.

At eleven she joined an amateur concert party, invited to do a one-night stand in London. There she was interviewed by one of Sir Oswald Stoll's scouts, whose tentative offer of an engagement was abruptly withdrawn when Tessie confessed that she was not yet twelve. It was later renewed, and shortly after her twelfth birthday she appeared at the Bristol Hippodrome.

Dancing with the Grainger Brothers, Tessie reveals legs that do not match her figure.

Tessie sorts out one of her hundred fabulous hats. On stage, she wisecracks: "Let's take the bloomin' thing off—it gets in the way"

For the next three years she toured the country, going to school during "rest" periods. During one of these, an artist in the show at the Prince of Wales Theatre became ill. Tessie's father promptly travelled to London to inform the manager that his daughter would be glad to fill in. Tessie did—and won a six months' contract.

Two years later, she went to South Africa and, in 1934, when the comedienne in Lawrence Wright's famous Blackpool production, *On With The Show*, fell ill, someone suggested Tessie O'Shea.

"Never heard of her," said Wright, but he reluctantly agreed to travel to Southport, where she was appearing, to look her over. This led to an offer, and Tessie soon became the darling of the North. After Blackpool came the Moss Empire circuit, the Palladium—and from then on, the top of the bill wherever she went.

Mother Won Showmen Over

Tessie is still awed by the memory of her first appearance at the Palladium. One day, Jack Hylton was unexpectedly asked to transfer a show, in which Tessie appeared, to the world's most famous variety theatre. Tessie naturally assumed that she went with the show. In feverish excitement she and her mother reported for rehearsals in London. The conductor said he had never heard of her and, so far as he was concerned, she was not in the show.

"Oh, isn't she?" said Mrs. O'Shea. "We'll just see about that," and she bore down wrathfully on Hylton and Val Parnell, who protested that Tessie was not experienced enough for the Palladium.

"I don't care about that," said the intrepid

Nature spoilt her childhood ambition to be a ballet dancer. But the sight of the plump girl executing pirouettes proved so comic that she turned comedienne

Two-Ton Tessie booms out a Latin rhythm. The darling of the North, she's equally at home among West End cabaret patrons

Mrs. O'Shea. "You're not going to break her heart." Mother-love won, and Tessie got six minutes in the unenviable spot immediately after the interval. "I've never given it to them so fast in all my life," she recalls. "I raced through those numbers like a Derby winner."

Since then, the Palladium has been home territory for Tessie. She is now interested in cabaret, and has appeared twice recently at the Colony Restaurant. In December, she disproved the popular conviction that to succeed in West End cabaret a performer must be Noël Coward, Beatrice Lillie or an American—though she admits she learned the technique of cabaret in America.

Lesson From Carmen Miranda

In 1951 she was offered a contract to appear at the Desert Inn, one of the most exclusive night clubs in the Nevada gambling paradise of Las Vegas.

"Before I started to work there I went to watch Carmen Miranda, who headed the bill before mine," Tessie recalls. "All the time she sang, the customers talked. Even sitting at a ringside table I could hardly hear her. The next night, I went back again. The customers were still talking, but they were packed in, too. There and then, I made up a new philosophy. 'Who cares if they talk so long as the money rolls in?' I said to myself. 'If they wanna talk, let 'em talk. They'll shut up soon enough when I start yelling.'"

They did. As soon as the first note boomed from Tessie's plump throat, the Americans fell in love with all sixteen and a half stone of her. She has a standing invitation to return to Las Vegas any time she likes.

"I think I was a success because the diet-conscious Americans just couldn't believe anybody the size of me would have the nerve to appear in public," she says.

While Tessie capitalizes on her figure, she sometimes dreams of life without it. "I can't say I'd like to be *thin*," she said recently. "But I would like to see what I look like with a decent figure."

A devout Catholic, she reads spiritual lessons every day and goes to Mass every Sunday. She has serious views on politics (she preaches a highly individual brand of Socialism), child education (she thinks British school children should be mixed with children from other nations), and behaviour (up until the age of twenty-five, and long after she had become a star, her mother insisted that she must be home in bed by eleven).

Like most stage folk, she is also deeply sentimental. She recently arranged the wedding of Johnny Matson, an American star appearing in her travelling extravaganza, *The Big Show* (formerly called *Tessie's In Town*), by sending his American singer-fiancée a contract to appear with him in Britain. "He was *so* lonely," she explained.

When the late King George commanded her to perform at a small private party at Windsor Castle, she telephoned to Cardiff in a flood of tears to tell her father about it. Mr. O'Shea wept with her; the reason for their grief was that Mrs. O'Shea was not alive to rejoice in the honour paid to her daughter. "It was the greatest day of my life," says Tessie.

Everything At Home Is Small

She lives in London near Broadcasting House, in one of the smallest cottages in Bridford Mews. Everything but Tessie is small: the rooms, the furniture, the bookcases lined with diminutive *objets d'art* and souvenirs, the piano, and even her companion, Helen Moss.

Off-stage, Tessie makes little effort to be funny, claiming that she could not think up a wisecrack if her life depended on it. "I'm dumb, and anybody can pull my leg off-stage," she says. "But a different person enters me when I get behind those footlights, and I'm never stuck for something to say, no matter what happens."

When she was playing in Bristol during the war, a bomb blew out the front of the Hippodrome Theatre. Tessie calmed the audience by saying: "My, my! I guess we'd all better go home." Then, to send them home happily, she added: "I'd like to shoot those Wright Brothers."

She usually rises about noon to a round of interviews with musicians, writers, managers, promoters and dressmakers. Miss Pressler says that she often has to take dictation while zipping her employer into a new dress; she has learned not to be flustered if half a dozen other people happen to be picking their way around the small objects in the flat.

Eats What She Pleases

Tessie backs many of her own shows, becoming a combination of star, producer, director, stage manager, musical director and dancing-mistress. In spite of her consistent good humour she is highly strung; when she gets rattled she yells at her subordinates, but she soothes them the next minute with praise.

When producing a show of her own, she spends lavishly, and her manager, Hyman Zahl, sometimes tries to caution her against too large a budget. "Don't stop my enthusiasm," she says. "You must push me on: that's why I hire you."

Says Zahl: "When she backs her own shows, she's just as likely to lose as win, because her productions are so elaborate."

Tessie likes parties, but she has little time for them. She eats what she pleases, and says that, if she wanted to, she could go on an effective diet. There is slight danger that she will.

"Nobody need worry. I'm not going to get thin," Tessie declares emphatically. "What would be the point of that? I'd just be another Betty Grable." THE END

ABOVE US THE WAVES (5) by Charles Warren and James Benson

Midget fleet sails to battle with the giants

The gallant attack by human torpedoes had failed. Now the navy had a new weapon. It was going to be a fascinating drama—a fleet of toy-like submarines against Germany's mightiest battleships

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1942, at 11 p.m., a group of very anxious men stood on the north bank of the Hamble River, not far from Southampton Water. Their eyes were fixed on a long, slender steel object which was just beginning to move forward along a ramp of wooden spars. It rocked along, gathering momentum, till it reached the water; it nosed in, nosed deeper, righted itself and floated clear. There was the sound of a motor starting up; the shell drifted for a few moments, then drew away on the surface to disappear into the mouth of a catamaran—a great canvas hood stretched between two pontoons. The watching men relaxed. The British Navy's first modern midget submarine, the X3, had been successfully launched.

The idea of a midget submarine was not new. The navy had experimented with a small, two-man underwater craft in 1885; thirty years later the Admiralty had reconsidered—and rejected—a similar weapon during the Kaiser's war. It was the use and development of the midget by our enemies during the first two years of the second World War that speeded up research in this country. The Japanese were said to have

experimented with small submersibles in the thirties and to have made use of them at Pearl Harbour. The Italians, too, were thought to have included midgets in the attack on Malta in July, 1941. But in Britain, whereas development of the human torpedo had been rapid and successful, the production of its counterpart, the small submarine, had been dangerously delayed. The launching of X3 was not a month too soon.

If the gestation of the British version of the midget had been slow, its form, as is usual in this country, was the very best of its kind anywhere. The Italian and Japanese machines, while efficient enough for "forlorn hope" and "suicide" attacks, were very imperfect submersibles. The navy's X-craft were in every sense of the word miniature submarines, except that they were not designed to fire torpedoes. Their tactical rôle consisted in being towed to within striking distance of enemy harbours. Once there, and released from their parent craft, they could proceed by their own power to the inner basins where the Axis warships lay, attack these with limpet mines or explosive charges and withdraw, once more by their own devices, to some prearranged point and their waiting "mothers."

The human torpedo, with its limited range, great vulnerability and terrible human wear and tear, was at best a risky weapon against capital ships in well-defended harbours, however cunningly used and gallantly ridden. Nor, in the third year of the war, were other daring forms of harbour-penetration proving efficacious. Attacks with canoes and mine-laying by low-flying aircraft had paid dividends at the beginning of hostilities. But the increased enemy defences, in the form of radar, anti-submarine nets, booms, patrol boats and searchlights, called for a true underwater craft, something that could steal right up to and under the target unobserved, and which had more than a frail chance of escaping after the work of sabotage was done.

On that night in 1942, when X3 glided out in the darkness to secure in the catamaran moored by the side of H.M. drifter Present Help, the men who had brought her into being did not doubt that the navy had a new and lethal weapon in its armoury. Although eighteen long months were to pass before the successors to the prototype struck their first and powerful blow against the enemy, it is possible that even then, on the banks of the Hamble, the names of the Tirpitz, Scharnhorst and Lützow were in the air.

Held Secret Test At Night

In the next few weeks X3 underwent her surface and diving trials. Her first crew, recruited in secret, consisted of volunteers from "big" submarines. Lieutenant W. G. Meeke, D.S.C., was in command; he had with him Lieutenant Donald Cameron as first lieutenant, and Chief Engine-Room Artificer Richardson. The first tests were carried out at night under circumstances of elaborate secrecy. Nursed out from under the protecting catamaran like some rare, recondite dish emerging from the oven, the midget purred about the Hamble under the critical eyes of her designer, Commander Cromwell Varley, D.S.O. She carried as yet the bare essentials of machinery, but she dived and surfaced beautifully, giving her crew that precious and indefinable thing—a perfect "feel."

Meanwhile, an X-craft training class was being formed at Fort Blockhouse, near Portsmouth. As with recruits for human torpedoes, volunteers were asked to join "Special Service." Operations, they were told, were likely to be hazardous. The only qualifications were youth and an ability to swim strongly; no other hint was given as to the nature of the undertaking. The question was first put to a class of newly commissioned officers. They were all very young and were, in fact, still undergoing their ordinary initial training. Five volunteered, three were accepted. After a guarded description of what the job entailed, they were given the chance to return to general service. None thought better of it, and it was three rather puzzled midshipmen of the R.N.V.R. who reported to Fort Blockhouse at the end of May.

Puzzlement gave way to something else when they were taken over X3 for the first time. They had expected something small; they were unprepared for what looked little bigger than a gigantic toy, or one of those scale models that are exhibited in Service museums.

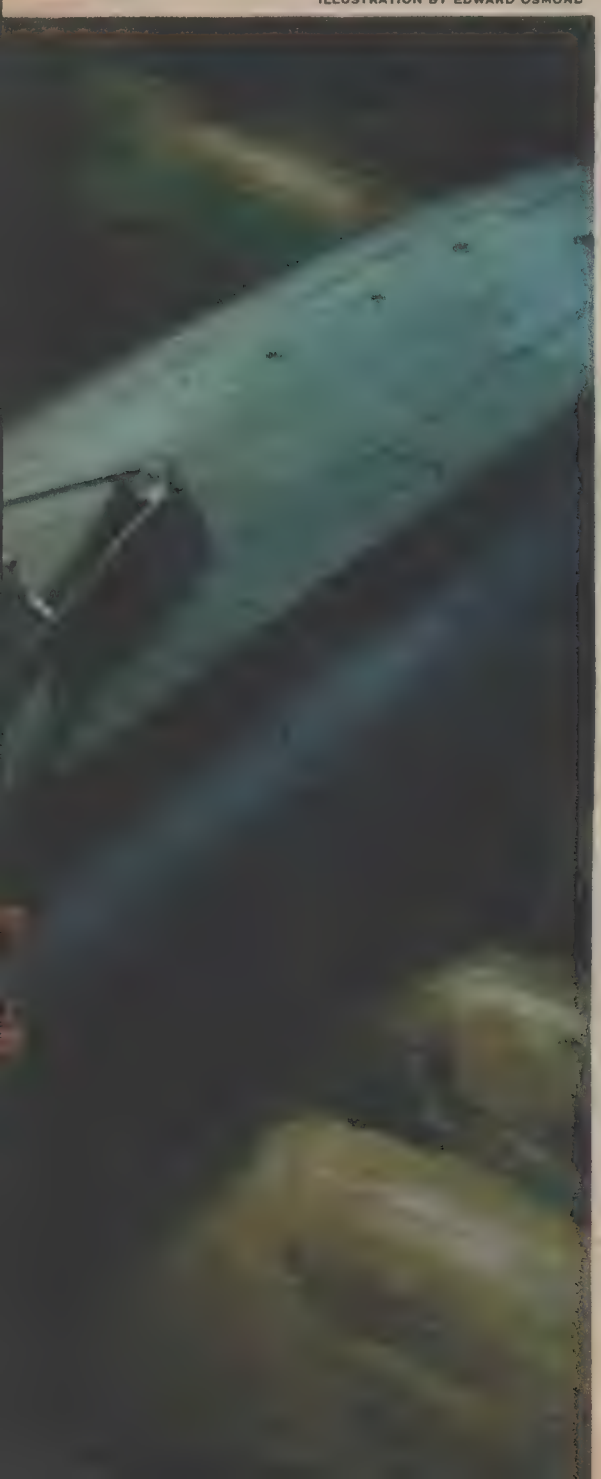
Space For A Crew Of Dwarfs

X3 was forty-eight feet long, and the pressure hull had a maximum width of five and a half feet —a steel tube in which a fully grown man would hesitate to curl up to sit out a shower of rain. Its length included propeller and rudder and hydroplanes, so that the internal space in which four men had to work, live and fight was hardly half the length of a cricket pitch. With the deck boards cutting off another six inches of vertical space, there was maximum headroom of about five feet. Looking ruefully at the submarine, one of the astonished midshipmen decided it would be just possible to man it with a crew of "meticulous dwarfs."

Lieutenant Donald Cameron took the new entry aboard. The submarine was divided into four compartments. The control-room, forrard, housed the steering and depth-keeping controls, the periscopes, various navigational items and pieces of miscellaneous machinery. Next came the escape compartment, known as the "W and D," or Wet and Dry. Farther aft were the battery compartment and engine and motor spaces. Still unfitted with most of its components, the interior of the midget already looked impossibly uncomfortable; the young officers who crawled about inside it on the Hamble were a little discouraged. Life in a floating drainpipe, they decided, was going to be no picnic. This opinion was to be fortified six months later when, at the training base on Loch Striven, in the Kyles of Bute, six new midgets replaced X3.

John Lorimer. When the midget submarine X3 sank in training, his coolness and resolution saved his men's lives. Later, in the Tirpitz raid, those same qualities won him a D.S.O.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND



Laites was drowning. Seizing him by the hips, Lorimer threw him through the escape hatch. It was twenty fathoms to the top—and now Laites had only the air in his lungs to keep him alive

Inside The Submarine's Heart

The new craft were of the same dimensions as their prototype, but the interior layout had been radically altered. The control-room was now amidships, conforming to normal submarine design. In it, clamped round by a mass of machinery, sat the helmsman. Near him, only half an arm's length away, was the captain bent below his twin periscopes, the big, wide-field bifocal one, and the attacking periscope—thin as a fishing rod—that could be raised telescopically to a height of nine feet. More machinery separated the skipper from his first lieutenant, who manipulated the hydroplane controls. Also in this compartment, which was the heart and brains of the craft, were the periscope raising gear, the pumps, air purifiers and various gauges.

Forrard of the control room was the Wet and Dry compartment. The purpose of this steel box, which was to play such a big part in the great victories that lay ahead, was to let a diver leave and re-enter the submarine. The diver in the midget was, as it were, the axe-man who cut a path through the jungles of the sea. It was he who slashed a way through the steel meshes of the anti-submarine nets and who investigated and cleared any obstruction that the craft might have fouled; it was he who placed the limpet mines on the hull of the selected target. It took a good man, with strong nerves, to leave his companions and step into the dark, unfriendly water thirty feet below the sight of stars and sky. Imagined in cold blood, the diver's task was terrifying. It never lacked volunteers.

Forrard still of the Wet and Dry compartment

Driven by a bus-type diesel, the midget submarine is 50 ft. long. The captain, at his surface station, leans on an induction tube which feeds air below. Behind is the periscope standard

An X-craft diver. He is the " axe-man " who leaves the boat to cut anti-submarine nets and lay the explosives

were the batteries which, besides providing the power that drove the submarine when submerged, ran the lighting and cooking appliances. Finally, in the midget's stern, was the almost inaccessible space in which were found the diesel engine, the main motor and the high pressure air compressor.

Life in this constricted world of levers, handles, gauges and tirelessly humming power units demanded considerable self-control and physical strength. It demanded, too, a sort of static mobility, the difficulties of which anyone who has ever crawled under a motor car will understand, if only faintly. To work on the engine or motor meant lying flat on a foot-wide fuel tank with the pressure hull rising only two inches clear of head and shoulders. And to run the air compressor it was necessary to pass an arm through a six-inch gap between a red hot exhaust trunking and a flywheel turning at two thousand revolutions a minute. The skipper, using his periscope, must bend himself double, his head a few inches from the deck boards, and keep that position, sometimes for hours on end.

Courage Was Not Enough

This was a life for courageous men, but courage for a midget submariner was not nearly enough. He had to be a highly trained, instinctive technician with absolute mastery of the complex machines and instruments that kept his craft operational and himself alive. It was to acquire this mastery that the young men who had stepped forward for "Special Service" were taken to the training base of the Experimental Submarine Flotilla on Loch Striven in August, 1942. The loch itself was well suited to the secret business on hand. It was a bleak, lonely stretch of water bounded by high rock banks below treeless hills. Always mysterious, it was sinister at times to the submariners. There was no weakness in this landscape; its austerity matched the hard, sometimes grim nature of the activities for which it formed the site.

At the end of August, X_3, still the only craft completed, arrived from Portsmouth with the drifter Present Help, and training began in earnest. The flotilla's training officer was Lieutenant A. R. ("Baldy") Hezlet, a submariner of great experience. Sympathetic and extremely popular as a man, he realized that he had but a limited time in which to turn a tyro flotilla into an efficient operational unit; he drove his pupils hard. Helping him were Cameron and Sub-Lieutenant John Lorimer, two of the earliest volunteers. It was when Lorimer was in charge of the midget that the first "incident" occurred —an event calculated to sober down any pupils who were so far unconvinced of the very real dangers of their task.

Water Poured Into Submarine

Lorimer, with Sub-Lieutenants Gay and Laites as crew, put out in X_3 one afternoon in November. The exercise was to be the normal one of dives, surfacings and underwater navigation. Lorimer took the craft to the middle of the loch and prepared to submerge. As the midget dived the valve of the induction trunking —a long breathing pipe fulfilling the function of the "snort," or Schnorkel, on big submarines— jammed open and refused to shut. Water immediately began pouring into the fast-sinking submarine, but the situation was not yet serious.

Counter action, in the form of blowing the main ballast tanks to bring the craft to the surface, could be taken swiftly. Lorimer gave the order at once, only to find that it could not be executed. The tanks are blown with a wheel spanner and this, the only one on board, one of the crew had accidentally dropped deep into the bilges. Water cascaded into the control-room, the men were thrown off their feet and the shell sank rapidly at a bow-down angle of eighty-five degrees. In a few seconds the batteries were flooded and chlorine fumes filled the air. In three minutes X_3 had plunged to the bottom with more than a hundred feet of water above her.

On the surface, the crew of the drifter Present Help realized from the way that the craft had gone down that something was wrong; the ship lost no time in sending emergency calls round the base. Hydrophones were rapidly fixed over the ship's side and the crew "listened out" for underwater signals. Nothing was heard.

Meanwhile, in the depths below, Lorimer was acting calmly. He had hardly more experience of midgets than the two men he was training, yet in this situation, unprecedented in the flotilla's history, he handled himself and his charges with the courage and resource of an experienced submariner. The water, rising rapidly, bore on its surface a thickening cushion of poisonous fumes. The lights were out. There was no question of blowing the tanks, even if they could have found the tool with which to do it. Lorimer realized that the only thing left was to "bail out."

Somehow he hustled Gay and Laites aft towards the door of the escape compartment, a steel box less than three feet square. There, at the entrance, they were condemned to wait in total darkness at least forty minutes before the next move was possible. At a depth of 110 feet, that was the minimum time in which the craft could flood completely and, in flooding, bring about the equalization of pressure that would allow the escape hatch to open. It was the terrible and classic plight which haunts all submariners, but never before had a crew of so small a craft been involved in its reality.

Shot Through Escape Hatch

While they waited in the control-room, Lorimer helped his companions to put on their Davis escape apparatus. Gay was soon ready, but for some reason Laites had difficulty with his. Lorimer handed him another but with this, too, he had some trouble. Time was passing with the rising water. Laites was still struggling with his set when Gay, who was now in the escape compartment, heaved against the escape hatch and felt it yield. It flew back and he was shot out and upwards to the surface. But Laites, his set still unsecured, was drowning. Lorimer seized him by the hips and threw him through

the hatch. Then, groping for the aperture, he floated up to safety himself. Laites, escaping through nearly twenty fathoms without breathing apparatus, survived by the breath remaining in his lungs. But both men owed their lives to Lorimer's coolness and resolution.

X3 was raised by midnight on the day of the accident; she was joined a few days later by another training craft, X4, under the command of Lieutenant Godfrey Place, D.S.C. Place was one of those officers who were to bring the flotilla its brightest renown, but when he arrived at the base towards the end of 1942 he knew no more about midgets than Cameron, Lorimer or any other of the "originals." He was soon to learn a great deal. The near-disaster of X3's flooding had ended happily. Place's experience was to be bought less cheaply.

Wave Plucked Him Overboard

Inchmarnock Water is a rough stretch of sea and small islands to the north of the Isle of Arran. It was there, one night in December, that Place took X4 to carry out a long endurance test. He had with him as crew Sub-Lieutenant Morgan Thomas and Engine Room Artificer Whitley. The craft was running normally on the surface with Place and Whitley below and Morgan Thomas standing on the casing as watchkeeper, when a Clyde "stinker" blew up. The submarine rode the weather well until an exceptionally heavy sea enveloped her. Morgan Thomas had just opened the hatch when a wave, after plucking him from the casing as if he had been a fly, poured through the aperture to flood the escape compartment.

The X4 immediately reared up, stern down, and assumed an almost perpendicular position on the surface. At that moment Place was forrard and Whitley aft; the flooded and impassable escape compartment was between them. Neither could speak or communicate with the other. Whitley, indeed, had no inkling of what had happened; for all he knew the midget might have been resting on the bottom. Place was no less a prisoner than Whitley, but he was in the submarine's bows, which were clear of the water. With great patience and skill, working in a very restricted space, he managed to transmit a series of distress signals into the night. These were received by Present Help, a vessel which was by this time fully living up to her name.

The drifter set out to search at once, but more than two hours passed before the midget was spotted and towed to sheltered water. There, a hawser was passed under the sunken stern and looped back round the drifter's capstan. The cable took the strain and the submarine slowly assumed a more normal angle. The open hatchway broke surface and the flooded compartment was pumped dry. Only then could Place and Whitley be released.

Tragedy Brought Safety Devices

They had been imprisoned for several hours in what might well have become their coffin, and the captain alone could have had the smallest idea of their predicament. As it was, it was not until he boarded the lighter that he knew that Morgan Thomas had been drowned. The sea was proving it had other problems than those encountered on Loch Striven.

As a result of this disaster, two technical modifications were made to all craft. A horizontal bar and a buckled strap—known as the "Hezlet rail"—were fitted to the induction trunking which protruded above the pressure hull. With this device the watchkeeper, standing on the slippery casing, could secure himself to the midget in rough weather. The second modification enabled the hatch to be shut from the control-room below.

But the flotilla's existence was by no means an unhappy series of floodings, sinkings and men lost overboard. Risk and discomfort—and there was an abundance of both—were secondary

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THREE VIEWS OF THE CONTROL-ROOM. Looking aft: through the escape compartment door the helmsman is seen left. Behind the periscope is the first lieutenant at the diving controls

Looking forrard: the captain peers through the periscope raised in the attack position. Behind is the diver who helps him to navigate, and the helmsman (right). Maximum headroom is five feet

The helmsman steers by gyro-compass in front of his wheel. Between two circular doors at left is the narrow escape compartment, leading to the battery room. The doors are two feet wide

Mr. Lucas and the beauties of Bellici

by JON CLEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL DOWSETT

Pity poor Gerry Lucas! A dozen luscious girls surrounded him —waiting for his verdict. And he was in love with one of them

"HERE SHE IS," said Isolina, and I could see the pride in her and Giulio's eyes. "Our Anna." I turned, and it was a long time since I had had such a pleasant shock. There is something about Italian girls that has always appealed to me. The most beautiful star I'd met in Hollywood had been an Italian, and the best-looking girl I'd known back home in Australia had been the daughter of an Italian greengrocer. But looking at Anna Di Calco, I forgot them all.

"Hallo, Anna," I said. "It's been a long time, and the years have made you beautiful."

"Thank you, Signor Lucas." Her voice was sweet and heady as good wine. "If I am beautiful, it is because my mother was also beautiful."

I turned to Isolina, who was smiling with all the soft indulgence of a proud mother. Giulio had put his arm about her and they stood there, the two people who had sheltered me for so many months and the little girl who had helped me out of the pranged plane and led me through the olive groves, past the searching Germans, to safety. That had been ten long years ago; this was the first chance I'd had to come back.

"Your mother is still beautiful," I said to Anna, "and your father handsome. They will be till the end of their days."

Isolina put out her hand, still smiling but her eyes glistening, and I took it and pressed it.

That evening we drank and ate and talked, and the ten years were swept away like corn stooks before the flood of memories. I told them everything that had happened to me since I had seen them last.

"And no wife in all that time?" Isolina said.

"No wife. Do you despair for me, Isolina?"

"You will marry some day," she said, smiling. "A good man never gets away."

I looked at Anna. "Have you caught a good man, Anna?"

Anna shook her head, and I sensed the faint shadow that fell on the room immediately I had asked the question. I looked at Isolina and Giulio, but they said nothing and I knew it was better to let the subject drop.

Isolina stood up from the table and began to gather up dishes. "Why don't you take Gerry down to the town, Anna? He might like to stroll along the promenade. It is always good at this time of day."

It was, too. The sun rested in a dip in the

mountains that formed the western arm of the bay, and the water blazed like rippling gold. Shelley and Byron had come here and written sonnets about the beauty of the place; and now a hack had come here because the living was cheap and this was the one peaceful place he'd remembered in a mad carousel of a world.

"You don't know how lucky you are, Anna," I said. "Three out of every four people in the rest of the world are looking for a spot like this."

"Three out of four people here," she said, "are looking for the rest of the world."

We passed a sign: *Who Will Be Miss Bellici?* And then I saw Mack Calder. *Oh no,* I thought, but I knew it was. Hollywood was everywhere these days, even in my Shangri-La.

"Gerry!" He had started out as a circus barker, and his voice now was as rough as sawdust. "What you doing here, hiding from the cops? Did you hold up the Credito Italiano?"

"Hallo, Mack. This is Anna Di Calco. Signor Calder."

Anna couldn't speak English and Mack's Italian was limited to the names of foods. They smiled at each other.

I explained Anna to him, and then I explained Mack to Anna. "Mr. Calder is a publicity man for Hollywood, but it isn't all his fault."

Her face lit up. "Is Signor Calder organizing the beauty contest?"

"The beauty contest?" I said, then switched to English and looked at Mack. "Are you organizing a beauty contest here?"

"That's the job," he said. "Miss Bellici, and the winner gets a contract to appear in our latest epic now on location in Rome. Not a star part, maybe not even a speaking part, but she gets into a real, live picture. What more can a girl want?"

"What more?" I said. "But why this place?"

"The picture is about Percy B. Shelley, and he lived around here. It's a tie up."

I TURNED again to Anna and switched back to Italian. "Yes, Mr. Calder is organizing the contest. Why?"

"Oh, then I shouldn't be here talking to him," she said. "It may disqualify me."

"*You're* not going in the contest?" I don't know why I was so surprised: she was beautiful enough to win a dozen contests. But then I knew suddenly why my idle question back at the house about catching a man had been greeted so quietly. Anna had other ideas beyond catching a mere man. She was one of the three people in every four in this town who wanted the rest of the world.

"Yes," she said, and stood up. "*A rivederci,* Signor Calder."

She walked away quickly, walking beautifully as the Italian women do, her shoulders square, her bosom high and her hips flowing smoothly. Mack looked after her.

"So she wants to be in pictures," he said. "And you don't like the idea?"

I looked around the bay of Bellici, at the lovely peacefulness of it. "Do you really think she has anything to gain by leaving here?"

Mack shrugged. "I don't know, Gerry. All my life I've been caught up in some sort of carnival." He looked at me. "You mean you're staying here—for good?"

I grinned. "I might. I have some money saved. And I'll go on writing. Living is cheap around here."

"Well, maybe you're right. Me, I can't see it. A man can't bury himself and still expect to live."

"I'll send you postcards from the grave," I said. "Just to show I'm still breathing."

WE both stood up, and he said, "Well, I got to go and do some more organizing." He shook his head, half-angrily, half-sadly. "Miss Bellici, Miss Long Beach, Miss Manchester. They should drown the lot of them."

I left him and went back up to the villa I had rented. It stood among the olive groves at the top of a high hill, and from the terrace I had a breath-taking view. When I walked out on to the terrace, Anna was sitting there.

"In Italy, a young girl should never go calling on a man," I said. "In New York or London or the rest of the world, yes. But not in Italy."

She looked up and smiled, and the view behind her seemed to pale. "The rest of the world must be nice, yes? Tell me about it, Gerry. And please forgive my immodesty in coming here uninvited. But I wanted to apologize for leaving you so abruptly down in the town."

I sat down. "The rest of the world? Why are you so keen to see it, Anna?"

She waved a hand at the view. "One can't remain buried here for ever."

Just a graveyard, Bellici. "And you think this beauty contest may be one way out of here?"

"If I should win, yes," she said. "Do you think I might win it?"

"You have the looks, Anna. But maybe they are looking for more than just looks in this contest. What else can you do?"

"I can sing."

"Is there an Italian who can't?" I grinned at her and reached across and took her hand. "Anna, you are really beautiful, but since make-up became mass-produced, beautiful women are ten a penny. Why don't you find a good man and settle down?"

"You sound like my mother and father," she said, almost a little angrily, but she didn't take her hand away. "I want to meet a good man some day. But not here in Bellici."

I lifted her hand and kissed it. In Hollywood or New York or London, the girl would probably have giggled; back home in Australia she would probably have called her brothers. But here with Anna it was all right.

"You don't choose the place to meet your good man, Anna. It just happens. It is the same when a man meets his woman."

Next morning I went out with Giulio in his boat. He had several boats and though he was a long way from being rich, he made a better living than most of the local fishermen. We went out of the bay into the deep blue of the Mediterranean, and hauled in the silver fish in the shimmering light of the early sun. Then we turned for home.

"My Anna, do you like her?" Giulio said.

We were sitting in the stern of the boat, while the two crew hands were up forward. The water slipped past, blue as sky, and the sun made a blood-red wing of our sail. Ahead of us Bellici was slowly coming awake in the shadow of its hills, smoke rising like vines on the clear air.

Anna stopped, and smiled at the judges. For Gerry, in the middle, she would always be the most beautiful of all. But he had to forget that now; he *had* to be fair

Anna smiled. "I was wondering if you'd come. I thought you had run off with that blonde"

I had thought of Anna a good deal during the night, after she had gone. "Yes, Giulio, I like her very much. She is a credit to you and Isolina."

"She troubles us a little," he said. "She is not happy in Bellici."

"I know," I said, and he looked at me. "She told me she wants to win the beauty contest and go to Rome and then perhaps to America. Or anywhere where there are lights and excitement."

"She is a foolish girl, no? Are other girls like this?"

"Giulio," I said, "in Colby, Kansas and Sidmouth, Devon, and Murwillumba, New South Wales, there must be quite a few girls who are dreaming of the big cities."

"I do not know these places you mention, but here in Bellici it seems all the young girls want to fly away." He was silent for a while, then he said, "Anna told us you knew the American who was organizing the contest."

"Mack Calder. Yes, I know him."

AGAIN there was the little silence, then he said slowly, "Could you ask your friend, this Signor Calder, not to choose our Anna as the winner of the contest?"

I put my hand on his arm and looked into the mahogany old face. I owed this man and his wife my life, and all he was asking was that his daughter should not win a beauty contest. It added up to nothing beside the risks they had taken to hide me from the Germans ten years ago. And yet it was Anna, only a child then, who had taken the first risk and got me out of the plane and through the olive groves past the searching Germans to the safety of the

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Within ten minutes, McCallum changes from a head gardener to a full-dress Highland piper. He can relate how the music of the pipes revived a hanged man and saved the life of a chieftain's son

Highlander with magic at his fingertips

by STANLEY RUSSELL

It took Ronnie McCallum forty years to become a champion of the pipes. In their skirling, say enthusiasts, lurk uncanny powers

RONNIE MCCALLUM'S FAVOURITE story is of the Scottish farmworker who loved to clump around his cottage playing the bagpipes. One night his wife, suffering from a headache, asked if he could make less noise. "Oh, aye," said the piper—and took off his heavy boots.

In Ronnie's case, things are different. Every evening, while he plays the bagpipes—usually with his seventeen-year-old son Archie joining in—his wife and four daughters are dancing Highland reels and strathspeys to the music. One of the few holders of the two gold medals awarded annually for piping, Ronnie learned his first notes from his father at the age of five. In turn, he indoctrinated his children by sending them to sleep with lullabies on the pipes.

"A stranger might think it a wee bit noisy," he says, "but you soon get used to it, and the droning sound is very soothing."

The lullabies seem to have had their effect. At one recent competition his five children, ranging in age from eight to seventeen, collected nine first prizes and three seconds for piping and dancing. The haul included three silver cups which now dominate the top of the sideboard, and there is a drawer full of medals. In a relative's house are at least another 150 trophies.

In working hours, sturdily-built Ronnie McCallum is head gardener to the Duke of Argyll. But within ten minutes he can change into Highland dress and emerge in a more familiar rôle as Pipe-Major McCallum, personal piper to the Duke. He is acknowledged to be among the top ten pipers, but it took him forty years from his first notes to his first gold medal. Competition is keen: there are about eleven thousand pipers in Scotland—roughly one to five hundred of the population.

Bagpipes are, theoretically, easy to play. Their range is only one octave, and they can be manipulated with eight fingers and an elbow. "The elbow," says Ronnie, "is used for squeezing the bag, which contains a reserve of three puffs so that the piper can take a breather. He can stop blowing a couple of bars or so before the end of the piece and finish off by elbow pressure." This avoids the dying-pig squeal that results from too much air being left in the bag after playing.

But because they are not as easy as they seem, it takes a year to master the rudiments, and four years of constant practice to become a reasonably good player. Beginners start on a practice chanter, costing thirty shillings. It is a simple tube with a mouthpiece, a reed, and eight holes for fingering, which produces mellow notes more like a clarinet than bagpipes. The first surprise is to find that one note appears to be flat—a characteristic of Gaelic music, which largely ignores the normal scale. The beginner also finds that unless he uses his fingers properly he will produce noises that are not in any known scale.

Learner's Squeals And Chokes

When he has mastered the chanter he tackles the bagpipes, which cost between £25 and £40 and contain nearly fifty parts, including the tartan cloth that hides the sheepskin bag. Nearly all the ingredients are imported; the pipes are made of hard African blackwood, and the best reeds come from Spain or the West Indies.

The mouthpiece is on top of the bag and the chanter, which produces the notes, is beneath it. Sticking out at odd angles are the three drone pipes, two tenor and one bass, which must be tuned quickly by lengthening or shortening with a twist-grip action while there is still plenty of air in the bag.

The beginner must then practise—and acquire a repertoire and a vocabulary. The piper talks of squeals and chokes (catastrophes easily identified by anyone who has heard a poor player), grace-notes, throws, birls, urlars, tachums, and a remarkable group known as leumlaths, taorlaths, and crunlaths.

In spite of the heavy initial outlay, nobody outside the army expects to earn a living from piping. One expert, visiting London, thought he had discovered the secret when he saw a man reap a rich harvest of coins wrapped in paper as he marched up and down a suburban street, though his playing was atrocious.

Next day the expert decided to try his luck, but in spite of his skill he earned only a penny. To the woman who gave it to him he complained bitterly: "I'm a much better piper than the one who was here yesterday, but he got far more money."

"Yes," said the woman, "but that one's our bookie."

Every experienced piper must know at least two hundred tunes by heart: there are many hundreds more. Because there are so few notes to share among them, many are very similar, and this overcrowding sometimes trips up even the champions.

"Not long ago," says Ronnie, "I was playing in two competitions where the tunes of the test pieces were rather alike. I managed the first all right, but forgot what I was doing during the second and found myself playing the same tune again."

Much depends on the mellow tone of the pipes, which is often acquired by age. McCallum uses two sets. His favourites, believed to be

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MORNING, noon and night you'll find Kellogg's Rice Krispies—those mouth-watering, deliciously flavoured bubbles of freshly toasted rice—are top favourites with the kiddies. No need to bribe "finicky" children to eat up their food when there's golden Rice Krispies on the menu.

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And for quick snacks—like those you need in TV intervals—there's nothing better than bowls of delicious Rice Krispies and milk, all round.

More people like Kellogg's most

more than one hundred years old, were bequeathed to a friend, Duncan McArthur, by Lady Elspeth Campbell, sister of a former Duke of Argyll, who played them herself. Duncan is a good piper, but says he prefers to go round every night to McCallum's cottage in the grounds of Inverary Castle and listen to Ronnie playing them.

Whatever other people may think about the music of the pipes, the Highlander never fails to be moved. A lament will reduce him to tears, yet a few seconds later his feet will be dancing to a reel.

Ronnie had experience of the power of the pipes during the war when, as Pipe-Major McCallum of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, he was responsible for "rescuing" men of a unit who were reported exhausted eleven miles from camp during a strenuous two-day exercise. He sent out three pipers with instructions to take turns in playing the men home with non-stop music. A few hours later the "lost" troops marched smartly into camp, whistling to the skirl of the pipes.

Love of the bagpipes is not confined to Scots. The Duke of Windsor is an accomplished piper, and published a composition for the pipes, "Mallorca," which is used as a test piece in competitions. When McCallum was stationed near Otley, in Yorkshire, during the war, the local Air Training Corps and Girls Training Corps begged him to teach their members to play. He did, and soon both units had fine pipe bands.

Body Came To Life

The strangest story Ronnie tells of the uncanny power of the pipes has its origin in the grounds of Inverary Castle. A few yards off the main road from Glasgow, and passed unnoticed by the thousands of trippers who have visited the castle since it was opened to the public early this summer, is an old tree from which a man was hanged in the days of the clan wars.

His friends were allowed to cut down the body and take it across the ferry to his home at Strachur, on the other side of Loch Fyne, and a piper played a solemn lament as the little boat slowly crossed the water.

Halfway across, a woman passenger noticed a movement in the body, and before the boat reached the far side she had nursed him back to consciousness. The man lived for several years, and was known as "Half-hanged Archie" because of a permanently wry neck where the hangman's noose had dislocated several bones.

Still more horrific is McCallum's tale of the hero of a clan battle for an island: a piper who, when the castle fell, asked the victors to let him play on the battlements. He chose a tune called "The Piper's Warning"; in the distance his chieftain's son, sailing out with a band of reinforcements, recognized the music and turned away, thus being saved from falling into an ambush.

Cut Off His Fingers

When the victors discovered how the piper had duped them they marched him to the top of a hill and ordered him to play. While he was playing they cut his fingers off one by one; the spot is still known as Bloodyfingers Hill.

Modern pipers run fewer risks. An occupational hazard pointed out to learners is that the blowing will make them light-headed at first; but there are no permanent ill effects, for many pipers live to a grand old age.

A friend of McCallum's who died recently at the age of eighty was blown up in the first World War. His wife, told the news, was so confident of his recovery that her first question was: "Tell me, were his pipes all right?"

This concern for the instrument is a pipers' foible that is liable to startle the layman. Not long ago, an actor in a Glasgow theatre trod on a chanter, broke a bone in his foot, and was out of action for a month.

Recording the incident, the *Piping Times* added: "Piping enthusiasts will be relieved to know that the chanter was undamaged." THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

IN an edition of a reference book I once saw that big game fishing was described as one of my father's hobbies. I tackled him about it, because he had never been big game fishing in his life. His explanation was simple.

"Somebody in the editorial department asked me if I was keen on it," he said. "And I replied, 'Yes, desperately.'"

Soon after, however, we were spending a week-end in the country, and he went fishing. Following later, I saw him jump up from the river bank and run across a field, with his rod bent double and his reel screaming. He had hooked a water rat, which had immediately taken to the land.

"Now you can't object to the 'big game fishing,'" he said when he had killed the rat.

My earliest memories of him date from when I was four, in 1930. He had already made a name for himself as a conductor, and was touring extensively. He was abroad for about half the year, and even in London I barely saw him, except when he rushed home after a rehearsal to change for the next concert.

Greeting him was a hazardous business, particularly if my hands were dirty. "Hoc!"—hands off collar—was the warning he would fling as he bent over me, resplendent in white tie and tails.

His weekend visits to our country cottage in Buckinghamshire were pretty infrequent, but Pamela, my sister, Mother and I always looked forward to them, and to the fund of stories he brought back from all over the world.

Like the best raconteurs, he was inclined to repeat himself. Once at a tea party I laughed excessively at one of his stories.

"What on earth are you

laughing at?" Pamela asked across the table.

"That's a new one on me," I replied.

"You're lucky!" she sighed.

We lived very much in awe of him; I was often so anxious to do the right thing that I achieved the opposite effect. I remember helping to pass round drinks at a cocktail party, when I caught his eye, and suddenly dropped the tray.

I think my nervousness was due perhaps to over-idolizing a person I considered brilliant and accomplished beyond my own horizons of attainment. He is a good shot, a fine sportsman, and naturally adept at most games. When I was at school, mathematics presented no difficulties to his mind, abstruse puzzles never seemed hard enough for him.

He sticks at a problem until he beats it, and I recall finding him sitting up in his bed at two o'clock one morning, solemnly trying to disentangle a couple of twisted nails.

Once, at a children's party, I was amusing the young guests by giving an energetic impersonation of him on the rostrum, when the door opened and there he stood. He came in, and very carefully corrected my hold on the baton.

It was the first lesson he gave me in music. He was keen on my following his career, but at the back of my mind was always the thought that whatever I did would inevitably be judged by his standards.

He was always patient about my school reports from Eton, particularly one in which the only favourable news was that my fishing was improving fast.

Before joining the Fleet Air Arm I awaited the results of my school certificate examination with what seemed to him insufficient trepidation. He was so sure I had failed that he said: "I'll give you a pound for every credit you get, but I think my money is safe."

Eventually, it cost him £6, yet he was delighted to pay up.

In 1937, he took us all on holiday to Italy. There Pamela contracted infantile paralysis, and was brought home after a terrible journey, with excitable French porters tilting her stretcher, and a flight from Paris through a thunderstorm.

Pamela was a lovely, gifted girl, and my father was deeply attached to her. The next eight years took a great deal out of him. He frequently had to rush from a concert to her bedside in answer to an urgent call.

A tragic mistake occurred one day. He was told during the interval of a concert that Pamela had died. He finished the concert, only to be reassured at the end that it was all an error. Next day, it amused Pamela to show him the newspaper report.

But she had not long to live. She died at Hartland Abbey in Devonshire before her twenty-first birthday. My father goes there every Christmas. For him it is no longer a festive season. He spends it alone.

Who is the famous father? For his name and photograph, turn to page 39

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 13

already developed into a self-contained modern community which will finally house 22,000 people. Aintree, which came next, is reserved for "clean trades," a child's dream of biscuit, chocolate and jam.

The latest venture, Kirkby, which grew out of a wartime ordnance factory, will be the biggest industrial estate in Britain, with 1,800 acres, 11,250 houses and 47,000 people.

To this latter-day Liverpool belong also those elaborate arrangements for the redistribution of the national income first developed here: the Pools. John and Cecil Moores, the obscure telegraphist and his printer brother, who, by their persistence and ingenuity with these new devices, finally rose to financial peaks which even the merchant princes of Liverpool found somewhat dazzling to contemplate, were, in sober fact, Manchester "men," yet the Liverpool "gentlemen" have taken them to their hearts.

For it is no small thing to have created Britain's seventh largest industry, to employ, in Liverpool alone, nearly 20,000 people, scattered over six vast buildings strategically distributed about the city; to have found Liverpool a port—and made it a postmark.

What mysterious processes take place in these vast buildings where the hook of Hope—which the philosopher Schopenhauer said went through humanity's nose—is given its weekly yank?

It is not an easy question to answer, for getting inside a pools building is rather like entering an atomic research establishment. Your application must be considered at the highest level. Your name must be entered in a book by the guard inside the door. But, finally, a door is pushed open and the whole astonishing scene lies before you.

A vast room, a sea of girls' heads, rows of desks receding into the distance—the art teacher's parallel lines that appear to come to a point. An airy babble of human voices, rising and dying away and, all the time, a steady *plop-plop*. What is it that it reminds one of? A large seaside swimming-pool, in summer.

The eyes begin to refocus. All down the enormous room, suspended from the ceiling at regular intervals—something to cling to—bold white squares bearing a letter and a numeral hang over the girls' heads. There are only two letters here in the Walton Hall Avenue Building—J and H. They represent "divisions." But within each division there are sixteen "groups." And within each group there are forty to forty-four "positions."

It is Friday. The incoming Mississipi of orange envelopes is approaching its flood. In the inward mail room, the embossing machines, stamping code marks through both envelopes and contents, pour out their cascades.

To the H and J divisions here at Walton Hall Avenue come the coupons of London and the surrounding area, but if you live in Hampshire your envelope homes to Irlam Road, down by the docks. Cornish coupons are handled in Oldham Place, Lancashire's in the palatial white building at Edge Lane.

Kingdom Of Coupons

Four desks across, eleven desks down; the groups are aligned, each beneath its white square. And, behind each, like the sergeant marching behind his squad, a desk for the group supervisor, a desk for the group typist. Four groups, one head supervisor; sixteen groups, one divisional superintendent.

And, watching over the marching and counter-marching of his endless columns of coupons, postal orders, dividend cheques from his office in the building, Mr. Cecil, pools chief of staff to Mr. John, the generalissimo of this ever-expanding Liverpudlian empire of stores, printing works, mail order clubs and hotels.

The Pools industry has been a boon and a blessing to Liverpool's retired C.I.D. men. For so much money, so spectacularly publicised, naturally generates enterprise not always connected with the orthodox filling in of

coupons. But after thirty years of it, Littlewoods have developed antidotes to almost every conceivable trick.

Oddly enough, one of the most effective of all these precautions, they say, is a piece of string—the stringing of the coupons through the holes in their corners before "closing-time" on Saturdays. Loose coupons—with holes untorn—are still found from time to time on the floor. "But we need hardly bother to pick them up. Somebody just says: 'Oh, there's another All Correct'—and sure enough, you know, so it is!"

Each day has its regular routine in the cycle of the pools week. On a Friday like this, with the coupons streaming in, the waves of talk rise and fall across the room, but on Mondays, when the coupons are taken out of the strong room and checked, you'll be able to hear a pin drop.

Let's sharpen the focus. Division H . . . Group 11 . . . Position 6. . . . A girl's fingers move swiftly across a desk, ripping open, flat, the orange envelopes already slit by machine. To her left, a card index, containing approximately one thousand names, her clients. To her front, a small stamping machine. You pull down a lever, and coupon and postal order are stamped with a security code. Here is the source of that gentle *plop-plop* that forms a soft background to all the other sounds of the building. To her right, a patent holder for the checked-in coupons, and an eighteen-inch-high wooden rack to hold the growing column of postal orders.

Still Linked To Sea

The planning department has worked it all out: each desk is identical. There's just one thing they didn't think of, though—the pictures of film-stars and speedway riders pasted on to the backs of the postal order racks, so that, looking down the line of desks, you have a veritable gallery of glamour.

The tramcar that starts out from the gateway of the Kirkby industrial estate, that rocks past Littlewoods' H and J Divisions in Walton Hall Avenue, is labelled—even thus far away—PIER HEAD.

In Liverpool all roads lead to the Pier Head. However successful the corporation may be in attracting new factories, however skilfully Littlewoods and their local rivals, Vernons, may yank the hook of Hope in humanity's nose, this city—like this island—must live by the sea.

The tramcar named PIER HEAD, rocking on through the bright suburbs, after an hour or so plunges once again into the familiar dark canyons of downtown Liverpool and crosses the end of Paradise Street, the "Winchester Street" of the sea shanty, the mainstem of Sailortown:

"As I was walking down Winchester Street
A saucy young damsel I happened to meet.
I sez to her, 'Polly, and how d'you do?'
Sez she, 'None the better for seein' of you.'"

Ocean's Closed Shop

Though seamen with weather-beaten—or pasty—faces still hang about in little groups, waiting for the chance of a berth, the Sailors' Home (with a smart new foyer, flanked stylishly with two dwarf trees in tubs) now also houses the Shipping Federation and the Merchant Navy Establishment, which between them operate the seamen's equivalent of the dockers' decasualization organization.

The sad truth is that it is just no longer possible to run away to sea. For the defaulting cashier, the scorned lover, the family black sheep, this time-honoured avenue of escape is at last firmly closed. You must fill in the appropriate forms, get yourself recommended by the proper bodies, wait your turn for interview. Shiver my timbers—and passed to you, please! Even firemen and cabin boys must graduate from training school.

And, a mile away from the docks, on the slopes of Hardman Street, stands a new sort of hostel for this new sort of seaman. Atlantic House started out twenty-five years ago in a rented room in the old Sailors' Home; now, although it may still be called a hostel, it is hardly distinguishable from a luxury hotel—except that it is in a good deal better taste than most luxury hotels, and its rooms and meals cost one-tenth of the price.

Presiding genius of this remarkable establishment is a young bespectacled Irish priest, with a great deal of enthusiasm and an infectious sense of humour. "We take the view," he explains, "that when a sailor's been cooped up in a ship for weeks, there are two things he's going to want when he comes ashore—a drink, and the companionship of women. If we aren't prepared to give him those things in the right proportions, well, he'll get them in the wrong proportions."

Soft Drinks Only

Father O'Connor's recipe for good proportions is a bright, but not obtrusive, bar in the entrance lounge, and 350 girl hostesses, handpicked by Liverpool's parish priests. But when offered drinks, they must make it soft drinks only, and if any of their partners want to meet them again outside, they must get Father O'Connor's say-so first. "We find that the presence of women makes a tremendous difference to the atmosphere of the place," says Father O'Connor.

Long John Silver, one suspects, might not have felt entirely at home here, but the modern seaman does. Just look around the brightly furnished lounge. Over there, by the door, is a young Parsee engineer named Mehta. Liverpool, for him, is the end of the long, slow run around India. So here he is once again, studying for his second engineer's examination, to be held in a few days' time.

Just across from Mehta sits a ginger-bearded Australian from Melbourne, named Alf Holman. Holman has been left behind by his last ship to recuperate from an operation for appendicitis, but in another week or so he'll be off again, going out to Hongkong to join a new ship on the Blue Funnel's fifteen-month "Round-the-Pacific" run. A long trip, but then everyone in the Line, said Holman philosophically, has to do the "trick" sooner or later.

A radio officer, Alf Holman had joined the mercantile marine after the

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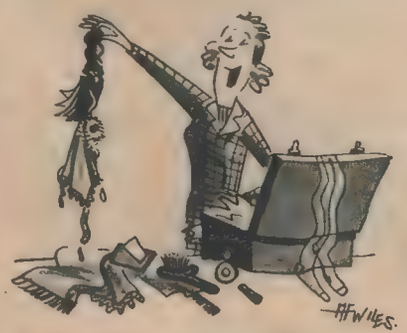
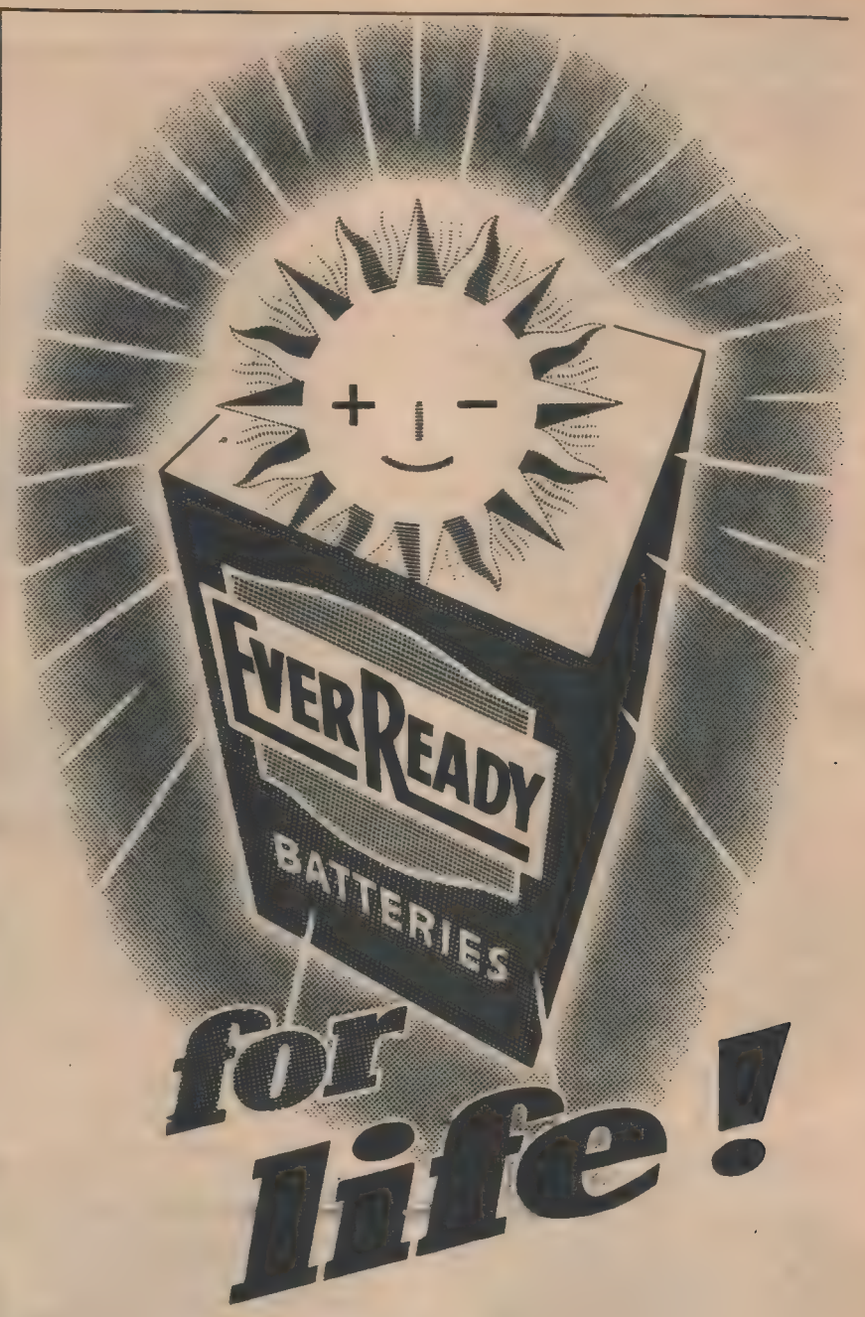
"Goodness! For one awful moment . . .

. . . I thought I'd forgotten to pack my . . .



. . . toothpaste!"



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EVER READY DRY BATTERIES FOR RADIOS TORCHES • HEARING AIDS • CYCLE LAMPS

war for a somewhat unusual reason—or, maybe, not so unusual after all; I don't know. He wanted to see his elder sister who lived in South Africa—and that was about the only way he would ever be able to make it.

Well, he *did* see his sister—although it took him five years to get there. And, incidentally, *en route*, he succumbed to the Call of the Sea. "I don't know. There's something about the life," he says, a shade ruefully. "It gets you in the end. I'm sticking it—though if I were to marry, I think I should leave the sea then."

But in this, he admits, he is these days scarcely typical. More feel like a shipmate of his who joined for the romance of the thing and now, after having served his years as a midshipman, is bored to death and planning to get out.

For these modern seamen, the old hands would tell me, the sea is merely a way of earning a living, just like any other. "They go to sea, they get their tickets and, before long, somewhere or other, they meet a pretty face. They marry—and at once they want a shore job." The demand for port shore jobs is brisk; the turnover of young engineer officers, particularly, is high.

An English poet wrote, in the seventeenth century:

"Others may use the ocean as their road
Only the English make it their abode."

Is that day passing at last? Are we no longer a sea-going nation? Or is it merely that men are no longer being driven to this hard and monotonous life by hunger and the press-gangs?

To seek the answer to that, you must leave the soft lights and sweet music of Atlantic House and cross the river again to a colony of terra-cotta houses on the green Mersey bank at Seacombe.

"Had a good time?"

These are the Mariners' Homes. In each of these sixty-odd villas resides a retired ship's captain or chief officer; in the big block down on the river's edge live bos'ns and other ranks who have finally dropped anchor after a lifetime sailing the seven seas.

Captain Knight's house is near the gate and was built in 1880. He retired a few years ago after forty-four years at sea; he was commander of the Canadian Pacific's Duchess of Bedford. On his sitting-room wall hangs a silver-plated barometer, presented to him when, as first officer, in charge of a lifeboat, he rescued twenty-eight men of the crew of a wrecked American vessel out in the Atlantic.

Every house has these souvenirs and strange memories of years in distant oceans. Stuart Knight went to sea as a boy in 1901 in a square-rigger bound for Zanzibar. It was twenty-four months before he saw England again. He was, he says, at home just a fortnight, and then away he sailed for another twenty months.

After six years he got his master's ticket. Then the slow ascent—and the bitter years of the Great Depression. Some lines dismissed half their officers; Knight was luckier—his line just cut its officers' ranks and made them take a period on and a period off. Knight dropped from first officer to third. Yet, even then, such men did not readily abandon the sea. The sea was their life. They married, yes, but it no more occurred to them to leave the sea because of that than it would have occurred to them to scuttle their ships.

And now, firmly anchored, landbound at last, there is a restlessness in them still. Every year, Captain Knight—at the age of sixty-five—sets out from Liverpool on his bicycle and rides up to Fort William, on the Caledonian Canal, and back again, a distance of 740 miles.

But, from the road around their colony that runs for a stretch along the bank of the Mersey, these old captains and bos'ns and engineers can still watch the steady procession of the ships of all nations, moving slowly up the river. The note of a foghorn, the cut of a mast, the rake of a funnel, can still bridge the gulf between land and sea for them.

But the world changes. A new generation is in command. The great green birds atop the Liver Building still lift their wings to soar over the Atlantic. But the old rip-roaring Liverpool will soon be as dead as the Liverpool of slaves and privateers and press-gangs and rum and molasses.

What will take its place? The Liverpool of penicillin, chocolate biscuits and the treble chance? Hardly. But if we knew the answer, we should know, too, the answer to the question of the future of this island. THE END

ABOVE US THE WAVES

Continued from page 23

considerations in the over-riding need for technical efficiency.

Every man in the crew of an X-craft had to be interchangeable, a Jack-of-all-trades, all arms, eyes and resource. The trainee-officer on Loch Striven had to learn to manipulate hydroplanes, wheel, pumps and the main air line at one and the same time. He had to con and navigate by periscope; he had to charge batteries, start both motor and engine, test electrical circuits and repair faults. He had to scrub and clean, cook his own meals and keep himself fit. And—the end and origin of all these activities—he had to learn to fight.

Midget's New Leader

The conversion of the flotilla from a crowd of young enthusiasts into a formidable fighting force began with the arrival in Scotland, in the spring of 1943, of H.M.S. Bonaventure, commanded by Captain W. E. Banks, D.S.C. Technically, "Willie" Banks was a very experienced submariner. Humanly, and for the flotilla, his value was incalculable. Just as Commanders Sladen and Fell were the driving force behind the astonishing development of human torpedoes, so Banks became the animating intelligence in the organization of midget submarines.

A man of legendary charm, he had a great love for all underwater work. He possessed also that creative imagination that can transform projects into possibilities. With Willie Banks in command of what was now known as the Twelfth Submarine Flotilla, the offensive operations for which the X-craft had been conceived and designed came excitingly nearer.

The theatre of the principal operation lay more than a thousand miles from Loch Striven. Ever since their attack on the Russia-bound convoys at the end of 1942, the heavy units of the German fleet had been hiding in remote anchorages in the Norwegian Skerries. There the Tirpitz, Scharnhorst, Lützow and other heavy fighting ships lay in narrow, inaccessible fjords into which only small underwater craft could penetrate undetected. If the German ships did little raiding, their presence in north Norway was enough to keep important units of the British fleet in northern waters—units which were badly needed in the Mediterranean and Atlantic battles.

From almost the day of its inception, the midget had been thought of in connection with the Tirpitz and her sister ships. The 40,000-ton battleship had already been threatened by British underwater craft in the gallant but abortive attack by two of our human torpedoes in October, 1942. Since then she had been moved even farther north to Alten Fjord, in latitude 70 degrees north. There, in a small creek sheltered by high cliffs, heavily curtained by anti-submarine nets and sixty miles from the open sea, she must have felt herself safe from the stealthiest intruder. The Twelfth Submarine Flotilla was to prove her confidence misplaced.

The operation was already planned when Bonaventure steamed into Loch Striven to act as depot ship to the submarines. It was to be on an important scale—as many as six X-craft were to take part—and it raised big problems.

Although the midget had a surprising range of action for so small a craft and could remain submerged for thirty-six hours at a stretch, it could not possibly reach and return from the Arctic Circle under its own power. It would have to be towed. Various towing methods were tried out before it was decided that the only satisfactory "tug" was the X-craft's big brother—the full-sized submarine.

The Passage Crews

This theory called for the recruitment of "passage crews." Passage crews, each consisting of an officer and two ratings, were to take charge of the midgets on tow until the area of operations was reached, when they would hand over to the attacking crews who had made the journey in the comparative comfort of the big submarines. This was an obvious necessity. It was essential that the men going into the "kill" should be as fresh as possible.

Another problem was that of the anti-submarine nets. The answer to this was the diver. Previous to May, 1943, net cutting was to be done by a regular member of the midget's crew, which at the beginning numbered three. But late in that month an event occurred which convinced Willie Banks that a diver should have a place in the crew in his own right.

That event was the death of Sub-Lieutenant David Locke. Locke, a member of the crew of X7, had left his craft to make a practice cut in a net. The cut was made and the submarine passed through it successfully but Locke, for reasons that were never discovered, failed to re-enter the midget and was drowned. From that date specialist divers were brought in to the flotilla from personnel already under training for human torpedoes.

Big Brothers Arrived

As autumn approached with its promise of longer nights, the training of the operational and passage crews became more intensive. Activity was now concentrated on Loch Cairnbawn, where the six new operational midgets detailed for the attack awaited their towing submarines.

These arrived in August and were at once paired off with their charges. The X-craft 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 were allotted to the submarines Thrasher, Truculent, Stubborn, Seanymph, Syrtis and Sceptre respectively. Towing experiments were started immediately, and the passage crews had their first full briefing. The job was even tougher than they had thought.

The journey to the target was going to take eight days and nights. For most of this period the X-craft, suspended on their tow lines, would be submerged at a depth of forty feet to avoid being knocked to pieces by the weather. The midgets were to surface for air not more often than once in every eight hours, and then only for fifteen minutes—a very severe proposition for the passage crews in charge.

Theirs was a task of unrelenting vigilance and hard work. Two men out of the crew of three had to be on watch for twenty-four hours in the day. Somebody's eye had to be continually fixed on the depth gauge while the craft was submerged. An unceasing alert was necessary for emergency signals from the parent submarine. Maintenance never stopped. Air bottles and batteries needed charging. Battery readings had to be checked every hour.

It was a thankless, nerve-wearing job—and it was to be without glory. The passage crews did it loyally to a man. They were "stand-in's," destined to quit the scene before the high drama of the attack began. But the men who hit the Tirpitz knew that they were the sinews of their success.

Operation "Source" was planned to begin on September 11. A few days before that date the midgets were hoisted aboard Bonaventure for the fitting of the "side cargoes." This was the code name of the explosive charges with which the targets were to be attacked. They were crescent-shaped steel containers packed with two tons of amatol and containing a time clock which could be set to detonate at any given moment. They were carried externally, one on each side of the X-craft's pressure hull.

Side cargoes were not to be fixed to the target's side, but were to be left on the bottom beneath the ship. They held a charge of shattering force, as some of the midgets' crews were to discover, but nothing less powerful was thought capable of crippling the "unsinkable" Tirpitz and her heavily armoured sister ships.

Like End Of Term

While the X-craft were being provided with the sting in their tails, their commanding officers were attending briefing conferences. Final instructions were to be sent by radio signals when the force was well on its way. The atmosphere in the base during the last days before departure was, as an inspecting admiral put it, like that found among boys on the last day of term. Morale was as high as hope.

Late on September 11, a calm, still evening, the tows were secured and the little fleet put out. X6 was first away, towed by the submarine Truculent. The sea was calm and the six teams made good progress, which meant an average of nine knots. X6 was nearly run down by a British trawler on the first night, but apart from that the next four days and nights were without incident.

Routine was very soon established. The big submarines ran "up top" during darkness and submerged at dawn. The midgets surfaced at the times and for the periods laid down. Signals

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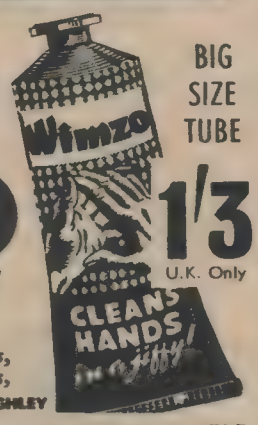

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were exchanged and the tows were tested—all was going well.

During this time of comparative inaction in the North Sea, the Admiralty was preparing the final plan of attack. R.A.F. Spitfires based on Russia made sorties over the Alten Fjord area on the twelfth and thirteenth. Their photographs, flown to London by flying-boats, proved that the enemy ships were still in their anchorages.

The aerial survey, referred to the maps, revealed that in fact the Tirpitz was in Kaafjord, a small, narrow creek in the very root of the great cavity of Alten Fjord. The battleship, snugly berthed under snow-covered crags, lay behind curtains of baffles, booms and nets. To the Spitfire pilots looking down, she must have appeared beyond all reaching, a lozenge gripped in a fist of rock and ice. . . .

The final instructions were received by radio by the crews of the towing submarines on the fifth day of the passage. When the signals were deciphered, some exciting hours were passed by the crews poring over harbour plans and charts. X-craft 5, 6 and 7 were to attack the Tirpitz. The Lützow was for X8; X9 and 10 were allotted to the Scharnhorst. The orders were at once a relief and a stimulant. Now every man knew exactly where he was going.

Tow Line Broke Loose

If the Admiralty orders had answered one question, the North Sea was about to pose others. In the early hours of the sixth day the bows of the submerged X8 gave a brutal tilt downwards, a sure sign that the tow had parted from the Seanymph, the craft's parent submarine.

Lieutenant "Jack" Smart, commanding the passage crew, immediately gave the order to blow the main ballast tanks. There was the comforting "whoosh" of the air streaming in; the depth gauge needle hesitated, stopped, and returned to the lower numbers. In five minutes the midget was on the surface.

Smart clambered on to the casing and anxiously looked ahead. The sea was calm and the morning clear; visibility could not have been less than five miles. He took his binoculars and swung them in a circle round his craft. Seanymph had vanished.

How the submarine had disappeared from the face of the sea in the five minutes the X8 had taken to surface was something Smart never understood; the vessels should not have been more than a mile apart. Reflection on the mystery could be no help; he ordered "Half Ahead" and the little craft ploughed bravely on northwards—at three knots. If he never saw Seanymph again, Smart decided, he would enter Alten Fjord and attack the target alone.

It was a decision Nelson would have approved.

NEXT WEEK: The midget fleet steals into the German hide-out

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A surgeon cured my rheumatism

by ELSIE REDCLIFFE

"Once I was unconscious, the surgeon would make a long deep cut along my thigh, expose the hip-joint and dislocate it. He would then, with hammer and chisel, chip away the bony growths, smooth the socket and cut off the head of my thigh-bone.

"The next step would be to fit the acrylic head, which looks like a tough, transparent mushroom on a steel bar. The surgeon would drill a hole down the shaft of my thigh-bone and hammer into it the stem of the mushroom. With the cleaned-out socket, this would form a new joint which would function almost as well as the natural one. . . ."

From Elsie Redcliffe's full personal story of a marvellous new operation

SOURCE SEVEN

Continued from page 9

not in a small one. Both boys were well known.

"Full of *espiéglerie*," said Madame Jolliot.

"Full of impertinence," amended M. Jolliot. "Out at all seasons in their little boat. Some day they will come to no good."

Petrella agreed with him and retired to his room for an afternoon nap. What he had to do next needed careful thought.

He got up at half past four, had a cup of chocolate, and then strolled out towards the château. After a short walk, he left the main road and followed a broad track, between rows of vines.

When he reached his destination, he saw that "château" was only a courtesy title. It was a large, flat house, overshadowed by trees, with a stuccoed front and sham turrets. The long windows were shuttered, and there was no smoke coming from the chimneys. The cellarage buildings, almost as large as the château, formed a separate block, with their own entrance and forecourt. There was some life here. Two men were lounging in the front of the court, and a woman, standing in a kitchen doorway, was talking to a third man, a bulky red-faced person, with the look more of a Gascon than a Bordelaise.

Petrella guessed that he would be the *maître de chai*, and went up to him. He knew that it was not uncommon for visitors to come to a château at vintage time.

"Monsieur Clairambaud?"

"The same," said the red-faced man.

"I wondered if——"

"You wish to see our cellars. Certainly. This way, if you please."

They passed up the courtyard. "You have walked out from Pauillac? You are staying there, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"From England?"

PETRELLA agreed he was from England. They had reached the door leading down into the cellar. Clairambaud held it open. As Petrella turned to go in, he noticed, pressed to a nearby window, the face of a boy. The expression was an unpleasant mixture of malice and anticipation. The woman had gone inside and the other two men had closed up silently behind him.

He realized that he had not been quite as careful as he imagined.

"Go ahead," said Clairambaud. His face was still smiling, but Petrella saw, for the first time, his great red butcher's hands. He walked down the steps. "Straight ahead." It was an order. The three men followed him closely. They were walking down an aisle, dimly lit, between rows of barrels. At the far end there was a grating. Clairambaud pushed past him, took out a key, and opened the door.

"Our inner cellar," he said, "where we keep some of our most precious vintages. It is useful also for a multitude of other purposes. Please go in."

"I suppose you know what you are doing," said Petrella.

"Of a certainty," said the man calmly.

"My friends at the hotel will be inquiring after me when I do not return. I informed them, of course, where I was going."

"I think that is a lie," said Clairambaud. "My son tells me that you spoke to no one before leaving. In any event, when you do not return, they will think, no doubt, that you are at some party—busy asking questions. That seems to have been your occupation on all other evenings. To ask questions."

Petrella had nothing to say to that.

"By tomorrow morning, no doubt, some inquiry will start. Believe me, my little detective, they will have to search long and closely if they wish to find you then."

The two men standing behind M. Clairambaud laughed.

"One other thing. If you shout and scream it may be necessary to tie you up with cords. That will be very

uncomfortable for you. And you will, in any event, have wasted your time. At this point you are three metres below the ground and the walls are of great thickness."

"I shall not shout," said Petrella.

"I was sure of it," said Clairambaud. He walked out, snapped shut the lock of the grille with his big key, and turned out the light. Then he turned it on again for a moment to say: "Look out for the spiders. They grow, in this darkness, to the size of a man's hand." Then he turned it out again. Three men tramped away. When they reached the steps, the cellar light went out as well, and Petrella heard the heavy outer door being shut and bolted.

He sat still for some minutes. It was not that he was afraid of the spiders, whose existence he doubted, but he decided to wait until his breathing was normal and the first flickerings of panic had died down. Then he could start to work things out.

Slowly, the darkness cleared to a dim, shadowy dusk. There was no direct source of light in his cage, but he realized that the huge cellar was not quite black. There must be ventilators, up near the roof, to let in the necessary air, and they let in some light, as well. He could see the bars of his door black against the lesser darkness beyond. The atmosphere was quite fresh.

What a fool he had been. And he had imagined he was being clever. He had only succeeded in being obvious. They had suspected him all along. They had not minded—that was the galling part. They had not even minded his seeing how the goods came ashore from the steamer. They had known, only too well, that he would come to the château. Everything was arranged. He had no doubt at all that a long, limp bundle would go back on the handcart that night, and that in the early hours of the morning a heavily loaded dinghy would pull out from the jetty into midstream.

That, or something like it, was their intention. One thing mattered: would they visit him again before night? Even if they intended to kill him that night they would hardly dare to move him before midnight. More probably it would be later than that. Would they visit him first? In the circumstances they would be unlikely to waste food and drink on him.

All the same, he thought they would look in once—just to make sure that all was well. Perhaps at about nine or ten o'clock. That gave him three hours to make his preparations.

He was confident that he could open the door. It would take time, but it could be done. The lack of light did not bother him, because you always have to open a lock by touch, and not by sight. He would need two strong, thinnish pieces of iron, bent to the correct angle.

In a clumsy great lock like this one the retaining spring would be very powerful. It would be the sort of spring that needed a thick key with a long shaft and a wide handle to lift it at all. Little pieces of bent wire were going to be no use. In his hip pocket he had a relic of his service with the Egyptian company, a pair of pliers with a fine saw edge in one handle and a triangular file in the other.

There was plenty of metal in the wire racks around him. He selected a cross-strut of half-inch angle iron, out of sight of the door, and started to work on it.

It took him two hours to make the necessary tools. When he had perfected them, and knew that he could open the door quickly, he hid them in the dust at the foot of the cellar wall. Then he waited. The waiting was the hard part.

He might be making a stupid mistake by waiting at all. Equally, he could spoil everything by starting too early. He decided to compromise. He would give them until eleven o'clock.

It was ten minutes to eleven when they came again—the same three men. This time they searched him. They found the pliers, but made no comment on them. Petrella got the idea that they were emptying his pockets less to deprive him of chances of escape than as a first step in stripping all marks of identity from him. His tailors' tabs would go next. Then, perhaps, his fingers and his face. One man had brought a can of coffee.

"You had better drink it," said Clairambaud.

"Later," said Petrella.

"As you wish."

When they had gone, he sniffed at the contents of the can and decided that there was more in it than coffee. He emptied it out into the corner.

At eleven fifteen he opened the grating, and stepped out into the cellar. The door at the head of the steps offered him nothing. It was massive and was bolted on the outside.

There was an inner door, at the top of a ramp, in the left-hand wall, and this was unlocked. It led into the *chambre-des-cuviers*, where the fermenting-vats stood, stretching from floor to ceiling. They were empty now, scrubbed and ready for the coming vintage, but the room stank of bygone grape harvests. Unfortunately, its outer door was bolted, too.

He made another circuit of the two cellars and confirmed that there were only two ways out. Then he sat down again to think.

He might hide in the cellar. But for how long? Or he might conceal himself behind the door and try to slip out, or fight his way out, when the men came for him. It seemed a slender chance. And, at the back of his

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mind, maddening him . . . he knew that there was a way out.

It was a chance thought about scrubbing the vats that brought it back to him.

In olden days they had, literally, to be scrubbed: by men with brushes, who were lowered from the opening at the top. In modern vats there was often a device in the back at ground level enabling a man to get through. He would drag a pressure-hose with him, and so the work would be done in a tenth of the time.

Petrella prayed that the march of science had reached the Château Maurice-Epinard. It had, and a minute later he was inside the vat itself. He had armed himself with a pole from the cellar, and with it he pushed at the big trapdoor in the ceiling of the vat. It swung up under his pressure. So far, so good. The chance existed, but at the moment it was three clear feet out of reach of his fingertips. He needed something to stand on.

The empty barrels in the main cellar would be tall enough to set on end, but they were too wide to get into the vat. He stumbled around in the dark for ten minutes and discovered two brooms and a rake, but nothing more.

Twelve o'clock.

SWEATING now, he went back into his prison and took all the bottles from one of the racks. Then he set to work at loosening a section. It was a very bad time indeed before it came away from the wall. But it was thin enough to be squeezed through the opening in the vat, and just strong enough to take his weight.

The last piece was a nightmare. He dared place very little weight on the rack, and he had to stand on it and lift a heavy trapdoor, using a thin wooden pole. That done, he had to pull himself up through the opening. His arms were trembling with fatigue, and twice he thought he would drop. It was only the realization that if he failed he would never be able to try again that got him through on to the floor of the loft.

And that was almost the end of his difficulties. The loft door was bolted, but on the inside. Five minutes later, he was in the open, creeping between the vines, heading for the main road.

* * *

It was seven o'clock in the morning, in London. Superintendent Costorphine had been dragged from his bed at six, but he seemed neither surprised nor excited. He listened silently to the outline of Detective Petrella's adventures.

"How did you get back, then?" he said.

"I got a lift in a lorry to Bordeaux," said the battered young man. "I got in touch with Commissaire Michel and he took me to the airport. We were lucky. The plane from Marrakesh had to touch down and he got me a seat in her. Did you get my telephone message?"

"I got nothing."

"There's a forest fire south of Paris. A lot of the lines are down."

"I expect that's it," said the superintendent.

He pondered for a moment. "Let me have your ideas about it," he said. "What do you think these people do with the stuff—after they've picked it up out of the water?"

"I found out," said Petrella, "that a lot of the vineyards—particularly the smaller ones which don't go in for château-bottled wines—will sell you a barrel or more at a time. They arrange the shipping and the Customs clearance. You just pay the money and in due course the barrel or barrels are delivered. It's new wine, of course—not very drinkable."

"I see," said the superintendent. "Your idea is that they hide the stuff in the wine and export a barrel or two to a contact on this side?"

"Yes, sir. If they used a Perspex container—or something of the sort—they could regulate the weight so that it wouldn't either float or sink. It would be suspended, so to speak. It would be almost impossible to detect without actually draining the cask."

"You would appear to have a natural talent for smuggling. Perhaps you can tell me why the man who received it leaves it alone for two years. Just plain caution, would you think?"

PETRELLA said earnestly: "Oh, no, sir. Once a claret is in cask you must *never* touch it for two years. You'd do endless harm to the fermentation. After two years you draw it off and bottle it. That would be the time to get the stuff out, without hurting either it or the claret. In 1952 you get a 1950 heroin——"

"Hmph," said the superintendent. "We're in the realms of guesswork there. The first thing to do will be to ask the Customs people to give us a list of private buyers from this château. It can't be a very long list. You'd better go to bed."

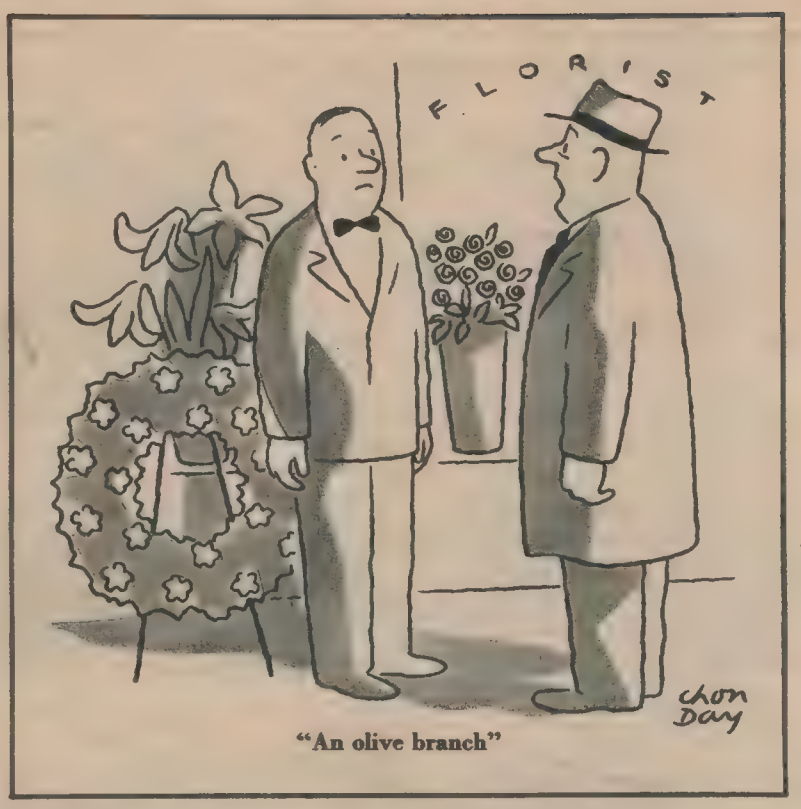
"You wouldn't like me to——"

"No, no," said the superintendent testily. "I can handle it now."

Which brings us to a lovely house of rose-coloured brick in the hills above Maidenhead, and a portly man with a white face and red lips, who started by protesting, then screamed with rage, and ended by whimpering.

And promotion for Detective-Constable Petrella.

And one more neat red line in Superintendent Costorphine's drug book. THE END



"An olive branch"

MR. LUCAS AND THE BEAUTIES OF BELLICI

Continued from page 25

house. If I said yes to Giulio I should be betraying Anna. So I took the easy way out.

"There is no guarantee she will win it," I said. "She has the beauty, but in films a girl must also have talent," I said, lying my head off.

He gently disengaged his arm and stood up and began to bring the boat round towards the quay. There was no anger or reproach in his face, but I knew I had let him down.

That afternoon they held the preliminary heats of the beauty contest. I didn't go along, and just before supper Mack Calder came puffing up the path to the villa.

"A man has to kill himself to come visiting you!" He dropped into a chair and gasped for air. Then he told me about the contest. "One hundred and twelve screen-struck dames," he said. "It was just like home."

"Any with talent?" I said, carefully not mentioning Anna.

He shook his head. "There were some singers and a few could dance, but none of 'em had anything that we haven't got a hundred times over in Hollywood."

Then I mentioned Anna. "Did she get into the finals?"

"Oh sure. Why not? She's better looking than most of 'em. She was one of those that sang."

"Any good?"

He took a mouthful of wine. "She has a voice, but so have a million other dames. Tell her to stay at home."

I let that pass. "What is going to happen to the winner, Mack?"

He shrugged. "She'll come to Rome, be in the picture, and after that—what happens to any of 'em? If she hasn't got what it takes—" He shrugged again.

Some time after he had gone, Anna came up to the villa. She walked on to the terrace and her face was radiant. I looked at her and knew suddenly I was falling in love.

"I am in the finals, Gerry. Twelve of us. And Saturday we shall know the winner." She spun round, her skirt flaring out and her blue-black hair falling about her sparkling eyes. "Oh, won't it be wonderful if I win! Me, Anna Di Calco, the new Gina Lollobrigida!"

I TOOK her arm and we went up through the olive groves to the point high above the bay where my plane had crashed. The moon was up and the bay glittered as if a vast shoal of silver fish played on its surface.

"This is where we first met," I said. "Nobody knew of Gina Lollobrigida then."

"I wonder if she had such dreams as I have now?" The breeze curled her hair about her face and in the moonlight she looked almost a child again. I leaned across and kissed her, and her lips stayed against mine, soft and yielding as roses.

"I have wanted to do that, Anna, ever since I first saw you yesterday."

"Are you repaying a debt, Gerry?" She looked like the child I had known, but the question was that of a grown woman.

"I don't think so, Anna. If I were, I shouldn't repay it with a kiss. I owe you more than that."

"It depends on the kiss," she said.

I took her in my arms and in my mind there was no thought of the child of ten years ago. This was now, and this was a woman.

Next morning Mack Calder sprang his surprise. "I want you to be a judge in this beauty contest, Gerry."

"But you have judges. You and the mayor and someone else, one of the resident artists or someone."

"It's the artist who's fallen out," he told me. "They took him away last night with a stone in his kidney."

I shook my head.

"I'm sorry, Mack. I'm not your man. I couldn't do it—I happen to be in love with one of the leading contenders."

Mack choked a little over his cigar. "You're what?" And, before I could answer: "Listen, Gerry, this is a warm climate. The sun's gone to your head, but I've got my own worries. I must have another judge. This is supposed to be an on-the-level contest. I'm supposed to offer a chance for fame to some girl here, but the bosses want me to deliver a girl who is at least worth the prize. I may pick one and the mayor another, and from the lecherous look of the old guy, I think we'll have different standards. I want someone who can be honest and fair—and will know what to look for beyond a thirty-six inch bust."

"But——"

"I know you well enough to know you won't give it to your Anna unless you think she really deserves it. And you'll still have me and the mayor to put up our choices. Come on, Gerry, be a pal."

I wanted to say no, but it wasn't as easy as that. Mack Calder had helped when I'd first arrived in Hollywood; I couldn't forget that. But it seemed I owed the whole world something: Giulio and Isolina, Anna, Mack Calder. I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever done anything at all by myself.

"Righto, Mack. I'll be a judge," I said.

That afternoon I went down and told Giulio and Isolina the news. Anna wasn't there, and I was somehow glad of that.

"It is a difficult position for you, is it not?" said Isolina. "What if you have to choose Anna?"

Giulio looked at me with eyes that had been bleached by years of staring at a sunlit sea. His old dark face was stiff and set as wood, and even his voice betrayed nothing. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking. "Would you choose her, Gerry?"

"You want me to say no," I said, and felt more uncomfortable and unsafe in this house than I ever had in the months I had spent here long ago. "Don't make me have to make my decision now. When tomorrow night comes we may find that she isn't even in the running."

That night Anna came up to the villa again. As she came on to the terrace I stood up and tried to take her into my arms, but she pushed them down.

"I do not like the idea of standing up before you tomorrow night while you pass judgment on me as if I were a piece of horseflesh. The other judges are different. . . . And another thing: will you choose me if you honestly think I'm the one? Or will you be like

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Test Match

BETWEEN brain and will there is constant conflict. Brain wants to do as it likes. Will wants it to obey orders. It is a simple problem. Are we going to be the brain's master, or its plaything?

There is only one way to win this match. We must say "I *will*"—and mean it: and to the brain we must say "You *shall*!"—and mean that, too. We can always win if we persevere.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Mama and Papa and think I should never leave Bellici?"

"All I'm going to try and be is the judge of a beauty contest," I said. "Not the judge of someone's future."

She looked at me for a moment, and I could see she wasn't entirely convinced. But when she spoke all she said was, "We had better not see each other before the contest. The other girls don't know that we have been—friends. Till tomorrow night I shall be someone you have never met before."

Then she had gone, and I went into the villa and to bed, wondering why I had ever come back to Bellici. For peace of mind and a quiet life? In my sleep I could hear Mack Calder laughing.

Saturday night was a beautiful summer night with stars staining the sky in a great splash. The sea ran in quietly on to the small beach, and the palms along the promenade drooped lazily in the evening breeze. All of Bellici turned out to see which of its girls would go to Rome and be a film star.

Mack Calder introduced me to the mayor, a stout little man with a stiff brush of black hair and an obvious delight in tonight's task.

The contest was being held in a glass-fronted pavilion that looked out on to the promenade. There was a platform below which we sat and on which the girls were supposed to parade past us. A band had been getting the audience in the mood for the last hour, and as I looked out on the mass of people I could feel the excitement that was rippling through them.

GIULIO and Isolina were seated in the front row, both done up in their weekend best, and I nodded to them. Isolina smiled slightly, ducking her head just a little, but Giulio kept his eyes stiffly on the big poster behind the judges that advertised the picture in which the beauty winner would appear. I couldn't tell whether he was being discreet or was snubbing me.

We took our places and someone Mack had hired for the occasion came out and announced with a great flow of adjectives the magnificence of the occasion. Then, slowly, one by one, the girls began their parade.

They were all good-looking, and it was perhaps only prejudice that made me think Anna had a slight edge on the rest of them.

She walked along the platform, dignified and poised and yet with the warmth I knew coming through to us, so that when I glanced at the mayor I could see he was already marking down points in her favour.

Anna stopped and smiled at all three of us, turning her head to let us catch all the perfection of her features, but there was no glint of recognition in her eyes as she looked at me.

The last girl in the parade of twelve was a blonde. Most people think of Italians as being all dark-haired people, but in the north of Italy there are as many blondes as in any other European country. This girl was an honest blonde, almost a Nordic type, and she was beautiful.

Perhaps she didn't have Anna's warmth—or was that because I had kissed Anna and not the blonde?—but she had everything else: figure, looks, and hair that would be a cameraman's delight. I had to be honest and I gave her as many points as I'd given Anna. It was hard to tell what the mayor thought, since his face had been beaming from the time the first girl walked on the stage.

Mack turned to me. "Having any trouble making up your mind?"

"A little," I said.

"It's when the talent part comes, then its gets tough." Mack nodded at the mayor, who didn't understand English and just beamed blankly at both of us. "Everyone has different ideas of talent. Maybe his nibs here would prefer Mickey Mouse to one of the girls."

"I doubt it," I said, and the mayor beamed at me again.

At last the girls came on to show their talents. That is often the most pathetic part of all beauty contests, and this was no exception. Some girls

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

recited, a couple danced, one did impersonations, one played the accordion, one did the splits with a wine bottle balanced on her head, and the rest of them sang. And none of them, with the exception of two, would have won a prize on amateur night at Meteor City, Arizona.

The two exceptions were Anna and the blonde.

Anna sang in a sweet true voice, the sort of voice that sounds well in the quiet of a church. There was almost a childish quality about it, and the song she sang had in it the forgotten hopes of one's childhood prayers. The blonde had a strong pair of lungs, an ear for melody and a delivery that brought the house down.

When we came to add up the points from the three cards, they were equal for Anna and the blonde.

"Just what I needed," said Mack. "Another headache. I'm for the blonde, his nibs here is for Anna, and you can't make up your mind either way."

The crowd sensed there was a deadlock and began to move restlessly. Some stood up and began to shout for either Anna or the blonde. The girls themselves were standing off-stage and when I looked towards them I could see that already one or two of them, the also-rans, were in tears. Anna and the blonde stood side by side not looking at each other, both of them staring intently at us three judges.

Then I became aware that Anna was looking only at me, and I wasn't someone she had never met before. I was the man who had kissed her and all but told her he loved her. I looked away from her and down at Giulio and Isolina. They were looking up at me, and on their faces was a plea as eloquent as any words.

I LOOKED down at the two cards before me, closed my eyes and tried hard to remember everything I had seen on this stage about Anna and the blonde girl. Then I opened them and said: "I give it to the blonde."

"Attaboy," said Mack, and relief flooded his big smooth face. He stood up, nodded to the announcer and handed him the blonde girl's card. The announcer stepped up to the microphone and in a voice that seemed to be announcing the birth of a new era gave the blonde's name to the crowd. I looked down at Giulio and Isolina, saw the relief on their faces and the beginning of tears in Isolina's eyes, then I looked towards the wings of the stage.

The blonde was there, flushed and excited, and I felt a little sorry for her. Maybe she would make the grade, but her struggles hadn't yet really started.

Of Anna, there was no sign.

When I got to the Di Calco house, Giulio and Isolina greeted me like a long-lost son. They said nothing about Anna's losing the contest, or my part in it; but I didn't have to guess if they thought I was the one who had saved their daughter from some great foolishness. It was in their eyes and their smiles and the glasses they raised to toast me; and if nothing else had been achieved tonight I knew that at long last I had repaid my debt to them. I would have felt better if I hadn't known that what had been their gain had been at the same time my loss.

"Where is Anna?" I said.

Giulio shrugged, unworried. "Probably shedding tears somewhere. It was a disappointment for her. But she will get over it. Disappointment to the young is like nothing more than a cold."

HE could be wrong there, but I wasn't going to debate it with him. I stayed around for a while, hoping Anna would come home, then at last I said I must be getting back home.

I walked up to the villa, but in the moonlight, its windows shuttered, white and still as a tomb, it looked too lonely to enter in my present mood. I kept walking and when I came to the high point where my plane had crashed years before, Anna was there.

"I'm sorry, Anna," I said quietly. "I had to do it."

She didn't answer, just kept looking down through the trees to the silver bay, and after a while I said, "I'm going away again tomorrow."

She turned her head quickly, and there were no tears or glint of anger in her eyes.

"Going away? Where?"

I didn't know, because I had only made up my mind as I walked up from the villa. "Maybe back home to Australia, I don't know. It's years since I've been back there. I may even go back to Hollywood with Mack Calder. Maybe he was right, after all."

She put out her hand. "Don't go, Gerry."

"Not even to Hollywood?"

She smiled. "I was wondering if you would come up here. I thought you might have run off with the blonde."

I took her in my arms, and her kiss was something she would never have given to a man she had never met before. "You're not angry? You don't think I voted against you just to please your mother and father?"

"No, darling," she said. "She was better than I was. I knew you had to be honest."

I kissed her again. "This will complete your mother's happiness."

"I found my good man," she said. "Right here in Bellici."

And then, like all men in love, I promised her what she had always wanted. "After we're married, I'll take you to see some of the rest of the world." THE END

DIGBY

Continued from page 16

my hero, as I was saying. Goodbye, Madeleine darling. Goodbye, Uncle Farquie, and thank you for such a grand speech."

"Goodbye, Fiona darling. All the happiness in the world."

Doors shut, a blast of wind and hats and hair flying; a take-off straight down the park, back now overhead, with the colonel's boot streaming out behind, and a dip this way and a dip that, salute to waving handkerchiefs and unheard cheers, off south to Edinburgh *en route* for London and dancing when they feel like it. Godspeed to Lord and Lady Balgersho.

It was nearly six. "Madeleine, we must leave right away if we're going to reach Achnasheen tonight."

"I know. Oh dear, I hate to go."

"We'll say goodbye now, Colonel. I don't know how to express. . . ."

"Patience, gaffer! Less of this doughboy-hustle. We're not done with you yet. Pay attention, everybody! A small ceremony. Dougald, are you ready?"

Digby had wondered why Dougald was tuning his pipes round by the garage. He marched forward now, halted, drew a folded sheet from his right pocket, extended it to Digby and said: "With Mr. Ross's permission I'm to play the Lament for Digby P. Ross, composed by me and dedicated to Mr. Ross's memory."

Digby collected himself. Was there a catch in this? He bowed. "Please do," he said with equal solemnity.

But there was no catch in it. Dougald was a famous piper. He reserved his deadpan jokes for other things than bagpipes.

He played his lament, his pibroch, pacing slowly to and fro before the east tower at the Birks. It was a mournful dirge, no tune at all, and yet those notes drew at the heart. They sounded to old walls and to trees and to the hill and back. It was the music of that Highland place. Nobody stirred, neither man nor leaf. He finished; they clapped after the silence.

"Bravo!" said the ancient Laird of Dumfechan. "Well done, Dougald. Best new pibroch I've heard for years. Bet it'll be famous." He spoke with authority in such matters.

"Thank you, Dougald. Thank you, everybody. I can't say how much. . . . Madeleine, you tell them."

"I hope you'll miss us just a little bit. We're going to miss you terribly."

So into the Cadillac, with much emotion.

"Sing up!" cried the colonel. "Sing with me." And he led the throng in a version of Bonny Prince Charlie's song:

"Bonny Rosses noo' awa'
Sailing o'er the western main,
Mony a hearrt will brak in twa
Should ye no come back again."

FIVE days later, they sailed from Greenock. Digby watched through the open porthole.

"Well, here we are," he said, meaning *Goodbye, Scotland,* and coming away from the porthole.

"You've been sighing like a grampus these last ten minutes," said Madeleine from the armchair. She wore that bloom about her, but she was captious, too, ready to be irritated.

There was a knock on the door; their own steward, a pale, fat man called Ransome. "Purser's compliments, Mr. Ross, and he thinks it must be for you, sir. Come aboard just before we sailed." He held out an orange envelope on a salver.

Ransome left and Digby opened and read: "GOD SAVE THE ROSSES AND AMERICA GALBRAITH. What a typical, crazy-sounding wire."

"Farquie always says whatever comes into his head. It's sweet of him to think of us. You do like Farquie, don't you, Digby?" She was still in the you-dare-disagree-with-what-and-whom-I-like mood. She had a soft spot for the colonel. No wonder, when he used to dote on her from morning to night.

"I like him in retrospect," Digby said. "But there were plenty of times

I could have strangled him. And look at the rackets the old rogue was in."

"You want everybody to be perfect," said Madeleine.

"No, I don't," he said, at the porthole again. Why was she like this today? "I want everybody to be themselves. I'll go my way and they can go theirs, and we can live in peace."

"That's just it. You go your own selfish way."

Well, now! She was crying, for God's sake!

"What is it, darling? Haven't we had the best time ever together lately?"

"I know, and it's nearly over, and I've been wanting to talk to you ever since we came on the ship, but how can I when all you do is sigh and groan and prowl around and be disagreeable? You spoil everything."

"Madeleine darling—what is it?"

"All I want to tell you is, I'm having a baby."

A baby? A son? Digby P. Ross, Third?

"Aren't you going to say anything? Aren't you pleased?"

"Pleased! I'll say. . . . But how can you possibly tell?"

"Because I just had a sort of hunch, and I'd heard of a marvellous new test; so instead of shopping, as I told you this morning, I was seeing this man in Glasgow who discovered it."

"Now rest," he said after they had discussed it. "It's been a tiring day. And promise not to do my unpacking?"

"All right, darling. Now off you go and play on deck."

But Digby could not stay away long. In minutes he was back.

MADELEINE was sitting dressed, on her bed. Cabin trunks and suitcases lay around half unpacked. She was holding two dog-eared sheets of foolscap paper, one in each hand.

Oh, God! Digby thought. *She's found it.* And his great delight at the news of the child left him, because the one thing he intended she should never see was his poem at the Gathering of Clan Kilburnie. He had stowed it between two shirts.

"You promised you would leave my cases," he said sharply, forgetting good resolutions. *Now she's going to look up and laugh about my little rhyme in kilts.*

"Digby!" She was not laughing. She stared at him and then down. "Did you write all of this?"

He nodded.

Madeleine dropped the two sheets of paper. "Oh, what a little fool I am!"

"Why, Madeleine? I guess I don't mind you reading it if you really want to. It was only that I. . . ."

"To think I've been married to you all these years, and I never guessed. Oh, Digby!"

"Do you like it, then?"

"It isn't liking or not liking. It's knowing that you're a poet. It's knowing for sure and for certain about my conventional business-man husband. Oh, darling! To think of how I've let you waste your life and how I've wasted mine over so-called poets without a hundredth part of your gift!"

I knew it, of course, Digby thought, picking up shirts. I knew I had something. She's a good judge, too; she must be, to see it as clearly as that. But be careful, now. I can read what's in her mind. No arty life for me. No, sir!

"Take it easy, darling," he said. "Lots of people have a second talent they don't develop—can't afford to develop. Besides. . . ."

"I'll give up everything," she cried fiercely. "Why couldn't we live all year round at the fishing-camp, if that gave you inspiration?"

"But I don't want to write verses," he said. "I just want to go on being what I am—which is a business man, and a pretty good one, too, at that, although I say it myself. Besides, a two-page poem doesn't prove a thing."

"It could prove everything," she said more quietly. "You *will* let me send it to Franklin Days at the *Beacon*, won't you?"

"But the *Beacon's* the most highbrow. . . ."

"I know it is. And only last month Franklin was saying how sad it is that the epic poem is never written in this epic age. You *will* let me. . . ."

"We'll see, darling. We can discuss all that later. Now don't you think you should have a little sleep? It's been such a long day."

"I'm not tired. I don't want to have a little sleep. I want to talk and talk about your poetry and then you say have a little sleep."

"Then I shall go on deck again," he said, smiling, and he did.

They were passing close to the Island of Arran. It was green and steep. He stood at the rail looking aft. Scotland fell back astern. It's been the best time of my life, he thought, even if they used and abused me, even if my contributions to the slaking of Galbraith's thirst, and to the Gathering, and in tips, and to the consummation of Hamish and Fiona, ran into a mighty big pile of dollars.

PERHAPS in twenty years, my boy, Digby P. Ross Third will be at the age for a broadening experience. I shall say to him: "Off you go, young fella, to spend a month with the Balgershos. I was his best man once. Watch these people. Study them. Take them with several grains of salt. Don't let them fool you. Don't lend them money. Better to give it, as your grandfather told me long ago. Now, if you must dance a Highland fling with some Scotch girl, dance it discreetly. Always cherish the fair name of a woman. If you must drink, then use liquor as an American gentleman should. There you are, my boy. Go sow yourself a few wild oats; go learn what life is all about." Oh, I shall be a wise and excellent parent.

Digby moved to the port side of this high deck. He looked across some miles of white-capped water to the coast of Ayrshire. There were no small boats in sight on this stormy evening.

But the liner was not alone. A little off the port bow and steering a similar course, and bucking and rolling in lively fashion, was a pleasure steamer.

It was not excursion weather, but the top deck was crowded. Hardy folk, these Scots. The little ship was dressed overall, a gay fluttering of flags all the way up from bow, and from mast to mast, and down to stern. Between masts and below flags stretched a banner, a strip of white cloth, upon it in giant letters: SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

As she fell back, a sound came on the strong east wind. It was the wailing of many bagpipes—a pipe band in full dress on parade, miraculously steady on the heaving deck. And here, it seemed to Digby, was the indomitable tale of Scotland—the independence, the fiery pride, the intensity of spirit which

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had taken her sons and daughters to the far places of the earth. They not only love their rugged homeland, he thought. They are in love with her. This small ship flaunts that love.

Digby saw the gallant little ship through tears, and was not ashamed. I shall never forget, he thought. Never shall I forget this parting from the country of my father's people.

It was at this most moving time that revelation, a hunch, a shaft of intuitive genius struck into him. It struck with the same ferocity of impact that lightning had struck the Lum Rock on August 12, that inspiration for his famous poem had struck him beside the colonel's gentians.

GOD SAVE THE ROSSES AND AMERICA GALBRAITH. . . . *Years hence you may get a warning cable,* Balgersho had said. . . . He did not know how he knew it, but he knew it.

"Sailor!" he called. The man had run up the companionway and was going forward.

"Sirr?" He was a square-faced, carrotty-headed, obstinate-looking typical young Scottish sailor with no time for kibitzers of the ocean.

"Is that steamer bringing passengers aboard?"

The sailor nodded. "Some lorrd," he said. No time for lords, either. "A wumman, too."

On the spur of the moment, and without any hesitation, Digby now broke the impeccable canons of his code: "My name is Ross," he said, staring at this representative of the country of his father's people, impaling him with a look. "Give the captain my compliments. Ask him if he would be so good as to allow me on the bridge. I shall wait here."

"Verra good, sir," said the sailor, impressed. He hastened to convey the message of this Yank with the daft fierce look about him.

The dreadful unproven certainty seethed into Digby's guts. *And a suite at Claridges.* No intention of going to Claridges. All plotted and planned and every intention of going to America, *thanks to Digby P. Ross's wedding cash,* thanks to that poor rich sap. *You see, Digby, we wanted to keep it as a grand surprise for you and I read somewhere how American hospitality is sort of famous and it's my last chance really before all the babies.* I can hear her say it.

AND I can see them arriving at head office, every goddam male clerk quitting work to ogle Fiona in her kilt, every female clerk quitting work to ogle Hamish in his kilt. The whole place disrupted. And just think how I've been planning a peaceful, happy time for Madeleine, but I know only too damn' well that she'll insist on having them to stay at the apartment. She'll say: "We can't, Digby; we simply must not fail in hospitality."

This catastrophic kaleidoscope assailed his mind. Why in the name of heaven did I give them that money? How dumb do people get? How can I fix it? But the captain himself was beckoning. "I hope you don't mind my asking. . . ."

"Not at all." He was affable, if wary of an important passenger who invited himself up in this rather cavalier fashion on the first evening out. The captain leaned over the wing of his bridge, watching the small ship toss and roll out there.

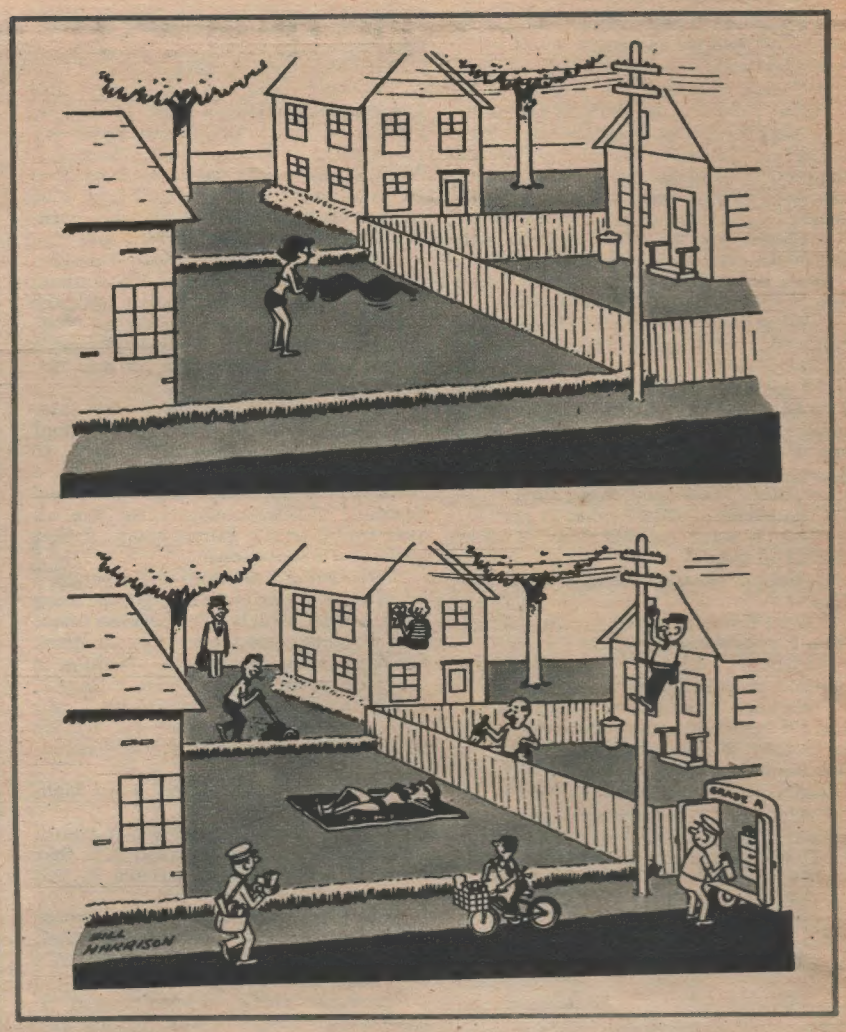
"People coming aboard?"

"Yes. Lord and Lady Balgersho. They're getting a big send-off from something called the Scotland For Ever League. Quite mad, the Scots. Special arrangement to take them aboard here. A goodwill tour of America, I believe." He was a laconic, clip-voiced captain.

"Isn't the sea a bit choppy?" Choppy—that's good and nautical.

"It should be all right in the lee," said the captain. "Could use oil if necessary." Was there perhaps a lack of positive certainty? The pleasure steamer was bucking corkwise about a hundred yards away, closing.

"This reminds me," Digby began. Oh Lord, please help my poor imagination, and make it snappy. "This reminds me of an experience of my own. It was during the Leyte scrap in



October of forty-four. A bit of a chop, just like this, perhaps less, and I'd been on the bridge of my ship—she was a cruiser—for sixty-eight hours solid. I guess my judgment may have been faulty, but there was a badly wounded guy in a P.T. boat, and we didn't have time to rig a breeches buoy." Hope that sounds O.K. "So I decided to take the risk."

He stared at the captain, such a jolly rubicund seadog, listening with some respect now, and a hint of uneasy interest. Yes, indeed, for he cast a glance over his shoulder at the steamer.

"We all make mistakes," said Digby, with sombre deliberation. Don't pitch it too high. Pitch it soberly from a wealth of fighting experience, to scare the lights out of him. "That mistake of mine still haunts me."

"What happened?" asked the captain tautly.

"I can still hear that poor wounded guy's bones go crunch, and the screams of the other four men down there with him." Digby shuddered. I'm doing well, he thought. Why, the colonel himself would be proud of me. Careful though. "You could call it bad luck, or you could call it a tired skipper's error of judgment. I mean, I was trying to save the guy's life, wasn't I?" He paused on this pleading note. The captain nodded emphatically, all ears.

DIGBY went on: "But the truth is, I killed all five of them. An extra big sea came up out of the blue just as they were passing him over on a stretcher—my ship was cleared for action, of course—and the P.T. boat, you know what flippertigibbets they were in any kind of a sea, well, she heeled over as fast as a steel spring or a whiplash, and the five men—two of mine and two of theirs with the stretcher between them—the whole goddam lot went overboard, all doing their best to save the poor fellow, and the two hulls came together and ground them into mincemeat. . . ."

"Just a minute," said the captain. "Mr. Matthews!"

A two and a half striper came at the double. "Get on the blinker and tell that ship to keep distance for the present."

"Ay, ay, sir." The officer ran for the flying bridge. Digby cast a surreptitious glance at the excursion vessel where the Balgershos were now visible, Fiona's hair an unmistakable beacon.

"I think I may say that I have more than a nodding acquaintance with death in battle," he continued now. "But that was one of the worst experiences of my life, seeing them go down, seeing a man's legs sheared off like butter . . . and the blood. . . ."

Digby did not spare the captain one iota of the luridly terrible details which cascaded from his imagination.

"Risks must be taken in time of war," he said sternly, "and men must be sacrificed. But I have never forgiven myself for that mistake."

"Oh, my God!" said the captain, a humane man. "How bloody awful." His rosy cheeks had blanched.

"The sharks finished the job," said Digby simply. "I was in action half an hour later.' It was a good, economical ending to his *tour de force.* But would the *tour de force* bear fruit?

It bore fruit. 'Too big a sea," the captain said. "I don't choose to accept the risk. Excuse me a moment." He went to supervise the passing of his decision.

Digby stepped out now from the corner where he had lurked from the compulsive telling of his tale. The pipe band still played indefatigably—those pipers, those kettle drummers, that big drummer in his tiger-skin, that drum-major twirling his silver stick.

At this short distance he was privileged to watch the steamer captain break the news to Hamish and Fiona. The former remained calm, the latter stood arms akimbo in her tantrum pose, giving that skipper something he would not forget. The poor man's head bowed under the assault. Some girl! Digby thought, as he would always think. Oh, golly! What a girl that is!

The small ship began to turn away. She hooted goodbye. Here the foghorn answered—a sonorous all-engulfing acknowledgment. Digby waved both hands in hearty farewell. The Balgershos must have seen him, for first Hamish waved, then Fiona followed suit with her famous arms-up-and-wide gesture seen at the Gathering, seen later at a rout of stags, seen now frustrated.

The pipe band burst into "Highland

Laddie," that tune which had swept kilted soldiers into many battles. It was loud and faded and grew again on the storm. Digby kept on waving.

"Do you know them?" It was the captain back.

"We happened to meet in Scotland," Digby said. Happened! I'll say we happened. He turned away. It was cold.

"I suppose you put in a lot of sea time in the Pacific?"

"A fair amount," said Digby with proper diffidence and a racing mind. He was beginning to realize just what. . . . "Six hundred and twenty-three days in the last two years, if I remember aright, and some before, of course."

"That's a hell of a long time at sea," said the captain respectfully. He raised a gold-braided arm; the same officer arrived. "This is Mr. Matthews, my navigator. Matthews, this is Captain Ross, late of the United States Navy. Captain Ross will be welcome on the bridge at all times throughout the voyage."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Why, that's exceedingly courteous of you, Captain," Digby said. "Actually, I don't use the rank nowadays. . . ."

The captain nodded approvingly. "I quite understand."

CAPTAIN ROSS made a polite escape, remembered in time that you should go down the companion ladder backwards—or should you?

He went aft to his first point of vantage.

The Balgersho ship was well away by now, heading for the shores of Bonny Scotland.

Digby was alone with sea and wind and gulls crying.

I'll have to tell Madeleine, he thought, which is a pity. I'll have to tell her because of the nautical conversations at every meal this voyage. He'll catch me out, too. Truly the wages of sin is sin in geometrical progression, as I thought earlier in my career. And, moreover—now I have thwarted the Balgershos—sure as hell, Madeleine will do a *volte face* from "No more Hamishes and Fionas" to "How wonderful it would have been to have them with us on the ship."

Oh, dear! The best of women are a grievous problem.

Digby began to laugh. He laughed at himself, at the whole hopeless human family. He laughed through a wild east wind and into shelter, and struggled for gravity along the promenade deck, a distinguished yet hilarious figure, capturing the notice of men and ladies.

Here's one more thing, thought Digby P. Ross on "A" deck. Here's one more screwy thing: Now that I finally, once really and truly, have bested this turbulent pair of Scots, I shall be very glad to see them in New York. This must be a reflection on my moral character. He entered the cabin to confess his latest, triumphant and positively final, peccadillo. All being well, the sober middle years lay ahead.

THE END

"Digby," by David Walker, is published by Collins at 10s. 6d.

LIFE WITH FATHER

Sir Malcolm Sargent, the conductor, is the famous father described on page 28 by his son, Peter.

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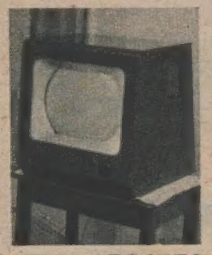

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In The Making
Dictator Dior
Jay-walkers
Triumph Of Television
Simply Suicidal
It May Be Clever, But
Shorter Now
Serpent In Eden
Didn't Stop
Doubts And Difficulties
With An Agonized Look
Most Obliging
Auntie Came To Stay And
A Bit Green
Saved The Situation
At Giles' Wedding

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Man Who Was.....
Powerful.....
On All The.....
.....To Us
Sounded Like A.....
New.....For Old

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,901 (or Xword 853) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. Doyle, T/East 2, Gretna, Carlisle: BEARING FRUIT—SONNY'S NEVER "TASTED," OLIVE-BRANCH. £9: W. H. Cowmeadow, 13 Christchurch Street, Cambridge: WE BRITISH—TIRED—OF "YOU'RE LAZY!" £8: J. Hughes, Main Street, West Linton, Peeblesshire: ONE OF DAD'S AMBITIONS—CAR TO "SHAKE" *Neighbours*! £7: Miss J. I. McDonald, 30 West Banks Terrace, Wick, Caithness: WE BRITISH—LOVE "FLUTTER" — HATE "FLAP." £6: B. Schofield, 71 Irwin Road, St. Helens, Lancs: SWITCHES, LEVERS, BUTTONS—AND PILOT'S LUCKY CHARM! £5: E. Enoch, 29 Lon Masarn, Tycoch, Sketty, Swansea: SWITCHES, LEVERS, BUTTONS — MUDDLED GILES — COW *Pinked*! £5: R. A. Ruddock, 6 Pynes Lane, Bideford: SWITCHES, LEVERS, BUTTONS—*Blanco*—SAME OLD ARMY!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated September 26, and in JOHN BULL dated October 3), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 19 for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,901 result.)

NOTE. — You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK

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This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 853**

1. Sudden change of weather may upset this
2. There was a very famous captain of this name
4. Business head prefers his secretary to be this
6. Nearness of this will probably be betrayed by sound
8. What boats have often lost through trouble at the docks
9. A barn is a likely place in which to find them sometimes
13. If it's empty it's idle
14. Name given to one is sometimes most appropriate

Down Clues

1. Falls may possibly be of the nature of
3. Most people are unlikely immediately to associate them with cutting
5. Such a turnover is fairly common in popular cafés
7. Patriots look at their own country's in a rather biased fashion
10. It can be pretty hard to shoot one
11. Most workers have a decided aversion to
12. This is seen in pack

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XWORD 848 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Boots. 5, Flood. 8, Shutter. 10, Rag. 13, Pegs. 14, Hound. 15, Rally. DOWN: 2, Ties. 3, Blot. 4, Note. 6, Cade. 7, Chapped. 9, Zip. 11, Jury. 12, Vow.

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	■	4N	E	5A	■	■	A	N	N	
R	P	■	■	■	■	A	T	■	■	
6C	A	■	■	P	A	N	■	A	V	
E	N	■	■	L	M	■	7P	I	E	
■	8T	I	■	E	■	9	A	T	S	
10	■	L	■	■	11	■	■	■	■	
O	I	L	Y	■	U	L	T	■	12	
L	D	■	A	L	S	O	■	O	C	
13T	A	■	K	853	14H	O	■	S	E	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **853** Closing MON., SEPT. 7

I enclose P.O. value ..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 19.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

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